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MRS. DYMOND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSANNA AND HER MOTHER.

EARLY next day Susy was standing at the gate of the villa. After the events of the night before, they had all come to the conclusion that it would be best to go home at once. And Tempy, agitated and surrendering, had written to her lover to meet them. Susy knew that her mother would approve of the engagement, but she was doubting how she could best break to her the news of their approaching departure. She herself was loth enough to go. Her heart was not light, she could not feel as Tempy did, whose new life was waiting for her on the English shores. Whereas it seemed to Susy as if she was leaving all hers behind—her true interest, her truest self; as she drove along she wondered whether she should see Max presently, and be able to tell him of all that had happened, and of the great determination they had come to. She wondered what he would say, how he would look—approving? disapproving? Would he be in the same mood as when he had left them the night before? She found no answer to her question. The villa was silent and deserted, and as she crossed the garden she saw that the studio windows were closed, as well as Madame's kitchen doors. She went in at the passage, passed through the Marneys' dining-room, where the breakfast things were still upon the table, and so came into

the little sitting-room where she found her mother. Mrs. Marney was lying on the old yellow sofa; for once she was not at work. Mikey and Dermey's piles of underclothing lay ripped unheeded, seams opening wide, upon a chair. Their mother was leaning back with her hands upon her lap, a pair of horn spectacles and a newspaper lay upon the table.

"I think I am better, dear," said Mrs. Marney peacefully, like a person going on with a sentence already begun. "Madame has been in to sit with me. She has been reading to me. I have heard all about St. Cloud. Max du Parc came for a minute last night, and brought me news of you all. What a lovely day you have had for your walk! Marney is at the Tuileries to-day. Yes, indeed, M. de Morny sent for him. You don't know how much they all think of his opinion. Nobody knows more about politics than he does; I wish he understood his own affairs half as well as those of Europe," said Mrs. Marney, with a sigh and something of her old manner. As Susy stood in the summer light, against the green of the windows, with all her black rippling round her, the mother looked fondly and proudly at her daughter. "What a beautiful cloak that is, my child, how well your widow's mourning becomes you." Susanna blushed up crimson.

"Oh, don't, mamma, don't say such things."

"Why, the colonel always liked you

to look well and becomingly dressed," said Mrs. Marney. "I used to tell him it was he, not you that cared for the bonnets. I myself like pretty things, I can sometimes think of your clothes, Susy, when I can't look at my own for worry. I was upset yesterday; the police came just after Max was gone. Madame was in a terrible taking, and talked some nonsense about Marney."

"What nonsense mamma?" Susy asked.

"Oh! we have made it up," Mrs. Marney said, taking Susy's hand and stroking it. "Max, like a good fellow, brought her in this morning. Well, what have you got to tell me? I see there is something by your face."

When Susy began, with no little reluctance, to break her own news she found that her mother received it better than she had dared to hope. "So you have made it all right for the poor girl. I am glad of that, my Susy; it's ill work parting those whom God has joined together. I shall miss you sorely; but promise me to come back if ever I want you. Promise, Susy, and I shall not fash over the parting," and Susy eagerly promised. "Oh, mamma, any time, any time."

"I can keep the boys a few days longer," Mrs. Marney continued. "Caron is going over to England next week, and he will leave them at school for me." Mrs. Marney was very tender, very motherly, but absent in manner. "Is that Madame's voice?" she said uneasily. "Don't wait, Susy, you must have so much to see to." But almost as she spoke, Madame appeared upon the threshold, concentrated, forbidding in aspect. When she saw Susanna standing near her mother's sofa Madame stopped short, stared fixedly, and immediately turned and walked away out of the room. Mrs. Marney flushed up, then laughed at Susy's look of bewilderment. "I did not want her to see you here, Susy." And when Susy asked what it meant. "She has got some nonsense in her head—people trouble themselves too much about other people's affairs," was all Mrs.

Marney said, and then she kissed her daughter's face, holding it between both her hands and looking into her eyes as tenderly as if Susy had still been a child depending on her for everything. Mrs. Marney promised to come up with the boys, and to say good-bye next day in the afternoon, when Marney was gone. Susy would gladly have remained longer, she hoped to have seen Max before she left; she wanted an explanation with Madame; but her mother seemed only anxious to hurry her away; for one moment at the door did Mrs. Marney detain her wistfully, and in that moment Susy found courage to say in a low voice, "Mamma, you will tell Mr. Max we are going. We expect him too, to say good-bye." Then Mrs. Marney flung her arms around Susy's neck and began to cry.

"Ah, poor Max! he will miss you, but not so much as I shall. Oh! remember, I must always count on you for my boys, Susy; you are young, but no younger than I was when I was left a widow, and I took my own course, and it has been a hard life, but indeed I would not change it," said the faithful, inconsequent woman. "Go, darling, go."

Poor Susy drove home disappointed and perplexed by her visit, and wondering at the meaning of it all. She was used to her mother's ways, used to the mysteries of that household from which she had so thankfully escaped, she could imagine, alas! what good reason her mother might have to try to avoid a meeting between Mr. Marney and herself, but Madame du Parc's behaviour distressed and troubled her. Some crisis had occurred, of that she was assured. They were all against her, her mother and Madame and that hateful Marney. People in an excited and abnormal condition are quickly suspicious, and Susy crimsoned at the thought that it must all have to do with her friendship for Max. Ah! what business was it of theirs. If only she could have seen him once more. If only he had come to her. Then she felt that everything would have been plain.

Mrs. Dymond found active preparations for their departure going on when she reached the hotel, and a general confusion of Wilkins among the handboxes, of parcels without number, and milliners-in-waiting. Tempy was writing in the drawing room, and looking up with a face so changed, so radiant with transient beauty and happiness that Susy could scarcely believe that was the Tempy she had known all along. "I have had a telegram," said Tempy. "Charlie will meet us at Folkestone the day after to-morrow;" and, "oh! Susy, Mr. Bagginal came this morning and Monsieur Du Parc. I was very civil indeed, and nice to them both. They want to take us somewhere to breakfast to-morrow, and Mr. du Parc is coming on to the Louvre afterwards, so he will have all day long to say good-bye, as we don't leave till after dinner."

Susy didn't answer. She sat down rather wearily, he had been there, she was glad of that, even though she had missed him; but at the same time she had an odd feeling of some intangible, unrecognised trouble at hand, one to be avoided, not faced, to be fled from, never to be realised. All day long the thought possessed her while she packed and paid and parted, and settled the various details of their going.

Du Parc saw Susy again that evening though she did not see him. Susy and Tempy, with Phraïsie between them, were driving at foot pace along the Champs Elysées. They were rolling home from the Arc, behind which the sun was setting, a huge dropping globe of limpid fire. Max had been staring at the glories that were lighting up the Arc, and its stony chariots, and heroic memories, while the triumphal clouds above were heaped in a present apotheosis of splendour and commemoration. The victors and victoresses of this present generation were complacently driving out in the soft evening air, after the heat of the day, and issuing from their houses, or

strolling leisurely or resting on the benches along the way. Many of the passers by looked up at the two English ladies in their equipage with the pretty blue-eyed child between them. Among these came Max du Parc, trudging home from M. Caron's with a portfolio under his arm containing his completed work. Susy did not see him, but he saw her, and the prosperous serenity of the little party struck him painfully, and the carriage seemed to him somehow to be rolling and rolling away right away out of his life.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAYING "GOOD-BYE."

MR. BAGGINAL was also of the farewell party. They were to breakfast at a certain old-fashioned café near the Pantheon, which du Parc had recommended, and to adjourn to the Louvre for one last morning in the galleries which already seemed so familiar. That last day in Paris, the lights, the streets, the café with its shining tables and deep windows and criss-cross shadows, the blazing gardens without, long haunted Susy, who was destined to live so many of these hours again and again, in other scenes and other surroundings. She had met Max with an effort, trying to be calm. Alas! her effort to be wise and calm only revived for him the memory of that stiff, doll-like Susanna who used to seem so meaningless once. Now he knew better, he did not think her meaningless; on the contrary, he attached too much meaning to her coldness.

As they all sat at their table with the snowy cloth by the grated window, Mr. Bagginal and Jo kept up the ball; Tempy was too happy, Susanna was too sad to talk very much.

"I shall be coming over to see my people in a few weeks," said the attaché. "I hope I shall find you at Crowbeck, Mrs. Dymond."

"That is all right," said Jo. "You must come and see us, and you too,

Du Parc. When shall you be in England again?"

But Du Parc did not respond very warmly. He felt some jar, some constraint in this semblance of a meeting. "I don't like making plans," he said abruptly; "plans are for landed proprietors and diplomats; we working men are obliged to take things as they come."

"Here come the cutlets," cried Bagginal, who thought Max's sallies not in the best taste. Susy, too, was vaguely vexed by his roughness. Things mended a little when they reached the Louvre. The work of great men, which makes a home for us in strange places, is often not unlike a living presence, influencing us, just as some people do, calling something that is our best selves into life.

There is something in the highest art which is like nature, bringing people into a different state of being, sweeping away the reticences, the hesitations, of the different grades of life. The different manners and ways of men and women are realities in their way, but they scarcely count when the greater truths prevail.

Max walked ahead, suddenly more at home and more at ease; he led the way from room to room, from one eventful picture to another, and yet all the time as he went along the voice of that night before was haunting him still, and even while he was speaking he sometimes broke off abruptly to listen to it. "She is going from you," this voice still said; "she might be yours, she might remain." Perhaps some vein of English blood had taught Max to feel for women some deeper, more tender sentiment than the passionate ferment of romantic admiration and excitement which seems to play an all-important part in France (if we are to judge by its yellow and bilious literature); some gentler and more noble instinct was in his heart than that strange emotion which, according to these same observers, belongs to any one but to a wife—to

a passing dream, to a flaunting venality. . . . Whereas (according to these same records) for the mothers of their homes, for the companions of their life, a family lawyer's acquiescence, their parents', their grandparents' approbation is to be considered first and foremost—human nature, instinctive feeling, last and least.

But Max was but half a Frenchman, after all, as he walked along by Susy's side through the long galleries. They came down from the glowing pictures into the cool, stony halls below, and passed from one century to another with a few lingering steps. The tombs of Egyptian kings and warriors lined their way; then came the tokens and emblems of the great Roman empire, with all its pomp of funereal rite; followed by the bland and lovely emblems of the Greeks, those stately figures still treading the earth in some immortal fashion, while the present waves of life flow on, washing away the relics of the past as they flow.

Max looked at the woman he loved, as she was standing before the statue of some bygone nymph. The young man, who was an artist as well as a lover, made a mental note of the two—the stony, impassive nymph, the noble human being so wistfully radiant. Susy felt his eyes upon her, and as some feel the sunshine kindling their chilled veins, so to her unacknowledged perplexities that bright odd glance, part sympathetic, part scrutinising, seemed to bring reassurance and to give life to her very soul. That one moment was the best of all those moments; almost immediately a look, a something, a nothing, seemed to come between them again.

Long after, an *œuvrè forte*, signed Maxwell, had a great success, and was for a time to be seen in the window of every art shop in London. It was very slight, but also very complete. The stony statue was faithfully copied, its grace and solemn life were repeated as it stood upon its pedestal with its finger on its lips; and a woman, also draped in flowing folds, also bare-

headed, and with a strange likeness to the marble, stood with innocent eyes gazing up at the stone that recalled her who once was a woman too, who was now only a goddess, but still somehow whispering of the beauty and of the love of two thousand years ago.

Mr. Bagginal, loth to go, had to say good-bye presently, and return to his embassy. His departure scattered them all. Susy felt a strange impatience of this long-drawn leave-taking. She wanted to get it over, and to escape from Tempy's eyes and Jo's; she was not herself, her nerves were irritated, and the restraint she put upon herself only added to this nervous impatience.

"Shall we walk home through the gardens?" said Mrs. Dymond with an effort, in her stiff and formal manner; and without a word Du Parc turned and led the way to the entrance gates. The great doors let a blaze of light into the cold marble galleries; the cocked-hat of the Swisse was resplendent and reflected the fine weather as it flashed in the doorway; the great *place* without looked like a triumph of summer; the rearing stone horses and chariots rose high against the deep blue of the sky. Short black shadows marked the arches and the pedestals, and Susy breathed deep as she passed out, followed by Jo and Tempy. Opposite was the piazza of the Louvre, where the lovely lights were floating from pier to pier, while high overhead one or two diaphanous clouds were mounting in the air.

As they came out of the shade of the portico they seemed almost blinded by the glaring sun; the *place* was burning with scorching heat; it flashed from every arch and pinnacle and window.

"It is a furnace," said Tempy; "hadn't we better wait another hour in the gallery?" "I have to go home," Susy said, hurriedly. "Tempy, I cannot stay longer; I have to pack, to wind up. Don't come; you will find me at home. Jo will come with me."

But Tempy clutched Jo fiercely by the wrist. She did not want to be left alone with Du Parc in the gallery.

The heat seemed to confuse them all. Susy found herself crossing the burning *place* alone, as she thought, but when she looked round, Du Parc was striding by her side, while she hastened to the more shady gardens of the Tuileries. It was the ordeal by fire through which they were passing.

"Everything seems on fire," said Susy, looking about. "See, we shall escape over there," and she pointed with her hand.

The young man was unconcerned by the heat, and chiefly conscious of the cool shadow of her presence. He remembered her words and her action one day long after, remembered them for an instant amidst the flash of fiercer conflict than that which stirred him now; and yet at the time he scarcely seemed listening when she spoke, and now and again forgot her presence in the sudden realisation of what her absence would be to him. He had imagined once that she understood him—cared something for him. It must have been a mistake. How quietly she spoke of her departure. "These Englishwomen are made of tougher stuff than a poor Frenchman is aware of," Max thought bitterly.

The sentry in his shady box stared at Mrs. Dymond and her companion quickly passing in the burning silence. They reached the gardens, almost deserted in the midday heat.

If it had not been for Tempy's jealous words the night-before, Susanna might have parted from Max naturally with regret, sadly, but without this cruel pang, this self-reproach. As it was, she could not trust herself to be sorry; she must take leave coldly. She must not allow herself to feel.

Then she looked up suddenly, just once to remember him by when she was gone, when this cold unmeaning good-bye had been said; and she saw Du Parc's keen brown face turned upon her with a look which seemed

somehow to stab her, and she started as if she had been hurt.

"What is it?" said Du Parc.
"What is it, madame?"

Susy's heart began to flutter oddly. She could not answer. Her face had been pale before—was now burning with her self-betrayal. Was the final decision to be made already? Was there no escape from it? Tempy's words had shocked her the night before. It seemed to her as if the girl had cruelly taken down the shutters, and let bright daylight into a darkened room. Now for the first time Susy seemed to know that the daylight was something so clear, so beautiful, that all other lights and flickering tapers were but as shadows before it.

Susanna's changing looks touched Max with some odd mixture of pity and alarm. He had been angry with her for her coldness all the morning. But this was no cold indifference. Had she, too, felt this estrangement? If it was so he forgave her, took her into his confidence, once more began to speak naturally.

"Yes, madame, this vile good-bye has come already," he said, "and yet too late for me. Good-byes come most easily to those who, like you, take everything with them—almost everything," he repeated, with a sigh. "I cannot pretend to know how it all may seem to you; we belong to different worlds. It is best we should part. Ah! you could not face poverty," he went on suddenly. "You are not made for sufferings; you belong to the wealthy, happy, placid people, not to us who are struggling for our lives."

Susy felt hurt by his strange tone. "What do you mean?" she said. "I have been poor too."

"You have been poor," he said, looking hard at her, and smiling coldly; "but you have never known what it is to suffer, nor to be bound and helpless watching others day by day, condemned by their race, and dying from sheer incapacity for the struggle of life. Pass on—pass on," he said, almost fiercely.

Susy's eyes filled up suddenly, and again her tears softened his mood. "You have courage and you have heart, but you cannot help these things any more than I can," he went on more gently. "To have known you is a possession to those you leave behind. When I remember you after you are gone, it will be with a thought of peace in the midst of noise and confusion."

Susy, as many a woman before and after her, stood listening, scarcely taking in the words, only the sense of the moment. All she knew for certain was that they were parting, that he was there still, that he was unhappy, that presently she would see him no more. They had reached one of the stone benches of the Tuileries, which stood in the shade of a tree, almost opposite a little gate that led to the Rue du Dauphin.

"I must go," said Susanna, speaking very quietly; and he nodded, and yet detained her, absently holding her hand, which she had given him.

"Ah, yes," he said, suddenly dropping it, "it is indeed time we parted."

She did not dare to answer or to comfort him; she did not dare tell him that for her too the parting had come too late.

"Good-bye," she said, still in the same quiet everyday manner. As she moved away slowly he sat down upon the bench.

The time had come, as she had known it would, and she walked on as she had drilled herself to do; with what sad steps she climbed the street none but herself could tell. She walked till she reached the door of the hotel, where the waiter was standing. He asked her some trivial questions about her bill, and an omnibus. She looked at him without understanding what he said. Then she mounted the wooden stairs, up and down which they had so often happily clattered on their way in and out. She might have been kinder, this was what she kept thinking over and over again; she might have been kinder; how sad and

stern he looked, was it her fault she had only thought of herself, not of him, in all she left unsaid? Every sound, every touch seemed to jar upon her nerves and to reproach her. As she opened the sitting-room door, she was met by a loud discordant crash. Little Phraïsie was passing the long, hot morning by thumping on the keys of the piano in tune to her nurse's packing.

"I'se playing," says Phraïsie, triumphant.

"O Phraïsie, Phraïsie, don't make such a noise," said her mother irritably, stooping over the child and trying to lift her down from the chair.

"I'se not done," protested Phraïsie struggling.

"Leave off, Phraïsie," Susy repeated; and the child looked up surprised by her mother's tone. She ceased struggling instantly.

"Mamma," said she, "are I so very naughty? is that why you's-crying?" and then Susy found that her own eyes were full of tears—she had been selfish and unjust to Phraïsie as she had been to Du Parc.

Wilkins came in hearing the discussion, also heated and cross with packing, and asking one question after another about her overflowing boxes. Susy could scarcely force herself to listen; Du Parc's wild sad looks were before her eyes, his bitter words in her heart; she might have had the courage to speak the truth to him. She might have been kinder—was it even yet too late? "Phraïsie, darling," she said suddenly, "You may play a little bit longer. I have forgotten something, Wilkins; I shall come back. I—I am not feeling very well, I must leave the packing to you." And before Wilkins could ask another question she was gone again, hurrying as she went.

"Madame! Madame!" cried Auguste, flying after her with his napkin; but Susy did not turn, and only hastened out into the street, tying the long ribbon of her silk cloak as she went. She thought she heard her name

called, she would not look back. She must see him once more, if only to leave him more happy, if only to tell him that she was not ungrateful for his friendship. It seemed to her as if he was wanting her, as if it was her least duty to go to him, to say to him, "Ah, you do me injustice. It is not that I am rich, and prosperous and heartless, but because I am poor and have others to think of, others depending on me that I leave you." Yes, others to whom she was bound by a thousand ties; but in her secret heart she knew, that never again would she feel for any one what she felt for this stranger.

Surely two less propitiously matched people never came together than this man and this woman, who seemed to suit each other so well. She, tender, practical, humble and yet exacting, as diffident people are who are not sure of themselves and require constant convictions and reassurance. He, reserved, over confident, with a courageous power of self-command, perhaps somewhat blunted to the wants and pains of others by circumstance. For him the real material wants of life existed chiefly. The hunger for affection, the thirst after sympathy was a fancy not worth considering. He was suffering now; but he also knew—perhaps better than Susy did—that his pain would pass in time. . . .

He was still sitting on the bench, he had not moved since she left him. He was not conscious of the minutes which had passed. He loved her. He knew it. Whether or not she loved him seemed to be but a secondary thing. A man loves, a woman longs for response. Max had not stirred except to light a cigar. For a few minutes he had gloomily puffed at the smoke, then he took it out of his mouth and sat holding it between his fingers. Then he heard her quick step advancing, he did not look up or turn his head, but when she came close up and sat down on the bench beside him he turned at last. He was all changed,

Susy thought. It was as if an east wind had passed over some landscape. She was not shy now. She was not thinking of herself any more, only of him, and her sweet eager face was lighted with solicitude and kindness.

"Won't you speak to me?" she said, after a moment, forgetting all her dignity, all her gentle pride; "I want to say a real good-bye—since we must say good-bye. I came back, for I could not bear to part as we did just now. I, like you, am not free, to think only of my own happiness. I—I wanted to tell you this. I have my mother, my brothers, my children depending on me. I should forfeit all means to help them if I married again. I too have my duty. I want to hear you say you forgive me," she went on more and more agitated. She spoke in her pretty English-French. He was silent, and she turned very pale as she realised how little her words must mean to him.

He looked up with dull eyes and spoke at last.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said; "I do not complain; you have judged wisely; you are perfectly justified. There is nothing to regret, nothing to forgive."

"Oh, Max!" she said reproachfully, unconsciously calling him by his name, "when you speak to me like this how can I answer you; how can I feel you are my friend? What am I to say to make you understand?"

She wrung her hands with sudden pain, for indeed his pain seemed to her harder to bear than her own, his happiness seemed to her to matter far more than hers could ever matter. She felt herself in some way accountable for this man's happiness. The thought was almost more than she could bear, but he would not help her.

"Yes; I understand well enough," he answered; "and you have also to understand me," he continued, in a hard, commonplace voice. "Don't you know that graves have to be dug? Do you expect me to grimace and make phrases while I am digging a grave?"

Then he looked up at last, and his eyes met hers for one moment. Then, still dully and wearily, he rose from the bench.

"Your stepfather is coming," he said, "and his family. I cannot stay here any longer."

And as Susy looked up, in that bitter moment, she too saw Marney advancing, and the little boys running towards her, and her mother following through the iron gate by which she herself had come into the gardens but a moment before.

Max du Parc had got up deliberately, without hurrying; he stood for an instant still looking at her; then he took off his hat without a word, and turned and walked away. The clocks were clanging four o'clock; he crossed the stiff shadow of the orange tree, and with long swinging steps reached the shade of the avenues beyond, he was gone. She had longed to help him; she had only disgraced herself, she had done nothing for him—nothing, nothing. Was it the sun's heat sickened her? Was it some overpowering sense of shame, of hopeless regret, that seemed to burn into her very heart?

Some children who had been watching eagerly from behind the orange tree came running up and established themselves upon the vacant bench and began to play an eager game with stones and sticks, while the Marney party cheerfully closed round Susy, the little boys were specially loud in their demonstrations. "Sister Auguste told us you were here. Didn't you hear us calling? We knew we should find you."

"I am only come for one moment, just to take leave, Susanna," said Marney, with extra heartiness, advancing with both hands extended; "but here is your mother for the rest of the day. Is not that Du Parc going off? I may as well catch him up. Well, take care of yourself, my dear girl, and don't forget to write."

Susy was still in a sort of dream; she scarcely returned her stepfather's

easy salutations. She met her mother, but without a smile. The poor woman had lingered behind. Had she guessed something of what had happened?

Mrs. Marney more than once looked anxiously at her daughter as they walked back together to the hotel. As the day went by the elder woman seemed silently to be asking Susy's forgiveness. She took up her daughter's hand and kissed it.

"Don't, mamma," said Susanna, pulling her hand away.

All the same she was glad to have her mother near her until the moment of departure came. They sat side by side on the old red sofa, saying little, but grateful to be together. Once they heard a man's step in the passage outside, and Susy wondered whether Max after all had come back again for a few last minutes, but it was only Mr. Bagginal with some flowers and bonbons for Phraisie. Then the train carried them all away, and Susy looked from her sleeping child to Jo peacefully nodding in his corner, to Tempy sitting absorbed and radiant, and then, something within her suddenly cried out, in despairing protest, in tune to the wheels of fate as they carried her away. To have so much, yet to be so utterly disheartened and alone; to have felt as if the world itself could scarce contain her happiness, and now it seemed to her that the worst of all was yet to come. What would he be doing? Who would he be talking to? Of what would he be thinking? It was well for her that she did not know what the future had in store.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAR AND RUMOURS OF WAR.

To all of us who were safe at home in 1870, the distant sound of the cannon, the cry of the ousted, sorrowful inhabitants of a country but a couple of hours' journey from our own shores came, softened by distance, and by that stultifying sense of our own safety. It was not indifference; our

neighbour's trouble was present to us, and keenly realised; but we know that the good Samaritan himself after walking by the ass and upholding his sick and wounded neighbour, left him to recover alone at the inn. With the first alarm Michael and Dermv appeared in Tarndale, sent by their mother, to finish their holidays, in safety. Mr. Marney, whose trade was flourishing for the moment, forwarded a letter by the boys, in his dashing handwriting. "I send the boys, my dear Susanna, trusting to your sisterly care. I cannot bring them myself. This war gives absorbing occupation to men of my trade. I am trying to persuade my wife to pack up her boxes and also rejoin you in your luxurious home. Poor Polly has some impression that her presence at the Villa du Parc acts as a pledge for her unworthy husband's safety. 'Think of the Prussians!' says I. 'Let them come on,' says she. 'I will not desert my post.' Though what good she can do me here, and I at the other end of France, is past my comprehension. 'Your home will be always ready,' says she. 'You can come back at any hour of the day or night,' and when I represent to her that I can do that anyhow with a latchkey and a couple of sovereigns, she bursts into tears. Madame du Parc being of a less valorous constitution, has chosen the better part under present circumstances, and discreetly retires to her vineyard near Avignon. Seriously speaking, my dear Susan, I do intreat you, who have more influence over Polly than most people, to persuade her that there is no advantage to me whatever in her remaining here, only great inconvenience. Even though the Prussians should not advance beyond the frontier, there are all sorts of ill-looking adventurers and Franc Tireurs hanging about the place just now. . . ."

Poor Mrs. Marney! she scarcely knew how to withstand the united commands of her husband and her daughter. Crowbeck seemed so far away, so utterly out

of reach. There was no one there, not even Susanna, to whom she could speak of Marney. What should she do there! If he was ill or wounded, Susy would never let her go, she would keep her from him. The poor thing wandered about the empty villa, pale, anxious, huddled in an old cloak, wistfully watching Madame's independent arrangements as she prepared for her own departure. Torn with terrors for Marney, unable to decide for herself, Mary Marney was utterly miserable and wearying to others. Susy's letters, full of entreaties and of the preparations for Tempy's wedding, only elicited a faint return from her mother. Phraisie's printed messages, the boys round-hand, seemed alone to bring some gleam of interest to the poor soul. She studied the papers for news; she cross-questioned everybody. Marney had been ordered to the front to join the emperor's head-quarters at Chalons, to be in the triumphant train of the journey to Berlin. Marney used to shrug his shoulders when his wife appealed to him as to his probable destination.

"I don't mind taking the odds against setting up my quarters in the Royal palace at Berlin, if that is what you mean, my dear," he said. "Heaven knows where we shall all be this day month. You will be more in the way of news at Crowbeck than anywhere else. They take in the *Velocipede*, don't they?—county big-wigs, as they are, crowing on their dung-heaps."

Mrs. Marney only turned away to hide her tears. One day, Madame, at once touched and irritated beyond measure by her friend's imploring looks, suddenly said, emerging from a huge *caisse* of cooking utensils, which she was carefully packing,

"I believe you would be happier, after all, if you came with me, Madame Marney. If your husband joins the camp at Chalons, you will be nearer at Avignon than anywhere else, not that you need fear anything for him. He is not one of those who get drowned

or shot," mutters Madame, with her head in the saucepans again.

But Mrs. Marney did not care what Madame muttered; she clutched at her offer as a child might seize upon a toy. Marney, who was absolutely indifferent to his wife's movements, did not oppose the scheme, except by the usual shrug.

"You know your own mind best," he said.

When he took leave of her soon after, her beautiful sad eyes, her mute, tender, passionate farewell touched him. "Poor Polly," he thought, as he turned away, "what the devil possesses her to be so fond of me?"

Marney actually took the trouble to write to his wife once or twice during the first few days; and when his letters came, Mrs. Marney, radiant and delighted, would send on long quotations to Susy at Tarndale.

For once Susy was thankful to receive news of Mr. Marney, and to know his whereabouts, and that he was prospering. For this also meant that her mother's mind was at ease and able to rest. When Marney took the trouble to write to his wife, he would send brilliant accounts of his own doings, and graphic descriptions of the events as they occurred. Other news there was which Susy read quietly, turning a little pale as her eyes followed the straggling lines of her mother's correspondence, which was not all confined to chronicles of her husband's doings. Madame du Parc was, it appeared, actively engaged in a lawsuit with a neighbouring proprietor. She was indignant with her son for leaving her to bear the brunt of it all alone. "Why did he stop away among all those cutthroats and conspirators?" The first news of him came from Tours, where he had joined General D'Aurelles. Then Mrs. Marney wrote that he had been sent back to Paris with a regiment of Mobiles in which he had enlisted.

How many things happen to us up in the air! Whole seasons of life seem to

pass not on the ground, not ruled by hard tangible things and details, such as events, and chairs and tables, but overhead in some semi-mysterious region, where we turn to the vague inscrutable fancies which belong no less to our lives than its facts and statistics; where amid the chimes and the song of birds, or among storms and clouds, so much of our secret life is passed. Susanna Dymond was a timid woman in some way; half educated in the art of feeling, of living beyond. She would not let herself face the thoughts which she could not always dispel, nor dared she try to measure the load of anxiety at her heart, with which she lived through all the long months of that glaring summer time, with its cruel, arid hours dividing her from the soft dreams of the spring. Those past days had been so lovely, so natural, and easy, and now it seemed so unnatural to be unhappy. From day to day, from hour to hour, she never knew what the fate might be of that one person who had changed her life's secret course. What was it that had come to her, a sense of the nothing in life, a bitter impatience of that terrible decree by which time after time we are swept away from our nearest and truest. . . . And then there would dawn for her the sense of possible happiness, of companionship which might have made a heaven for her of all those anxious days and heavy hours, and she dared not even think of it; she must not even realise the tender blessing. Every material comfort was hers. Tempy's affection touched her deeply. She had means to help those she loved; she had been faithful to her husband's trusts. All round about her were grateful sights and sounds, his legacy of comfort and happiness. The beacons of golden gorse lighting along the high moors; as the sun sets, the sky turns to gold and Crow-crag to purple. Suddenly a great burst of evensong comes from the birds over head. All is peace except for the melodious din of whisperings and chirrupings and sweet repeated

notes. She can hear the church bell across the lake ringing for evening service; it is a strange confusion of light and sound, of rest and life. But nature is often like the children piping in the market-place. There are times when beauty only jars, and aches, and stings. No one seeing Susy all through these months could have guessed at the hard fight she made, struggling to put aside vain regrets, to live in that wholesome hour the present, which is so much better for all of us than the past moods and future tenses to which so much of our life is strained. No one seeing her calm and smiling on Tempy's wedding-day would have guessed at the longing strange pain and self-reproach in her heart. Indeed, some of the neighbours could not help contrasting her coldness with Miss Bolsover's warmth of overflowing tears and feelings.

Tempy's wedding had been fixed for the 4th of September, a day peaceful and of good omen for the inhabitants of Crowbeck Place, one full of terror and alarm for the dwellers in a city not twenty-four hours distant from Tarndale.

While Tempy put on her travelling dress with Susy's help, a weeping woman, standing among other women, also in tears, overwhelmed by disaster upon disaster, by desperate news of armies flying and broken, terrified by the angry cry of the gathering populace outside the windows, was also taking leave of her home for ever. Her attendants came up one after another to kiss her hand; one of them hurriedly tied a black hood over the lady's beautiful hair, helped her off with her gold embroidered mantle, and flung a darker wrap upon her shoulder; then, followed by one of her faithful women only, the empress came out of the golden gate of the palace, trembling, because some passing urchin called her name. Meanwhile the Tarndale bells were ringing across the lake for Tempy Bolsover's wedding-day, and the young couple were speeding northward on their happy wedding

journey; Aunt Fanny, in garments gorgeous beyond compare, stood taking leave of the wedding guests; good Mrs. Bolsover sat subdued and emotioned in a corner. Jo had gone off for a solitary walk over the hills, and when the last of the company was gone, including Uncle Bolsover, who had lately started a tricycle, and who departed zig-zagging along the road, Susy went up stairs to her own room and changed her wedding-dress for a grey country gown. She called the children, Phraisie and the little brothers, and crossing into the wood beyond the road, she took the woodland path leading upwards to the moors. Phraisie, trotting along the lane, looked like a little autumn berry herself. The leaves were turning brown upon the trees and sparkled, repeating the light; tiny leaves of gold, amber-brown, crimson, or lingering green overhanging the winding way. Presently they came to a little pool of all colours—gold with the reflection of the ash-trees, crimson where the oak-trees shone—into which the boys flung their stones and then set off running ahead once more. Susy still followed in silence; Tempy's happiness had warmed her heart, and she was thankful to be quiet in the unconscious company of the happy children; glad to be recalled from her sadder world by their happy voices.

From the shade of the wood, with

its nuts and birds and squirrels, they come out upon the moor, whence they can see the silent tumult of the mountains beyond, crest and crescent, and sweeping ridge and delicate sunlit peaks silent and very still, yet shifting perpetually and changing with every minute's light. As Susy stood there the old cruel feeling which she had hoped to subdue suddenly came over her again. Everything seemed so confused, so short, so long; so many things to do, so many to undo; there were so many words to say, so many to unsay. Ah! why had she ever tried to explain to one who would not understand? Ah! how gladly she would have waited for years had he but agreed to it. But with him it was a man's strong passing feeling, with her it had been a new self only then awakened. Now she knew what it all had meant as she went back in mind to those early spring days, remembering the new light in the sky, the beauty of the world, the look in people's faces, the wonder of common place. She understood it all.

"Susy," cries Dermv, "come! come! Phraisie wants you!"

Little Phraisie had tumbled into a furze-bush, and refused to be comforted by her uncles; and her mother, suddenly awakening from her dreams, now hurriedly ran to pick her up, to kiss away her tears, and wipe her wet cheek with her handkerchief.

To be continued.

THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1882 reports and despatches crowded into the Colonial Office from the greater number of our West Indian Colonies, telling of scandals and unpleasantnesses, deficits and deadlocks, which showed pretty clearly that things were not going on quite as they should. Jamaica, by right of superiority, alike in area and extent of mischief, took the first place, the Leeward Islands were not far behind, and the Windward Islands shared the second place with the Leewards. As the year wore on things grew worse instead of better, and the Windwards, by virtue of very scandalous proceedings in Grenada, the second island of the group as then constituted, bade fair to outstrip Jamaica. Then the Colonial Office bestirred itself to apply the universal panacea for all administrative evils, and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the public revenues, expenditure, debts, and liabilities of Jamaica, the Leeward Islands and the Windward Islands, exclusive of Barbados; which last, enjoying representative government and being at that time highly prosperous, stood, unlike her crown-colony governed sisters, in no need of such ministrations. This step taken all progress, as is usual in such cases, came to a standstill in the places concerned. It was of no use to ask if this or that might be done; the answer was always the same, viz., that the Secretary of State would reply when the Report of the Commissioners had been received. Estimates, repairs to buildings, those present stitches which save nine in the future, all were postponed alike. The colonial authorities on the spot were at first inclined to be indignant, but they were quite helpless; and so there was nothing for it but to force the report of the Royal Commission down

the throats of all, from highest to lowest. At the beginning of the year 1883 the Commissioners—two gentlemen, to the great good fortune of those concerned, of tried experience and ability—arrived and commenced their labours in Jamaica, proceeded thence to the Leewards, and on the 1st of April began their inquiry in the Windward group. Their coming caused in some cases considerable excitement, and raised not a few false hopes. In one island, where expenditure, public and private alike, maintains normally an excess over revenue, the poorer part of the population imagined that the millennium was come. But no—it was only the Royal Commission. By the 23rd of April the Commissioners had finished their inquiries and inspections, and they sailed on the 31st for England, bearing with them a vast quantity of papers and a goodly show of island produce (including a live snake in a hat-box), the gifts of the many friends and admirers that their uniform kindness and courtesy had gained for them. Then the colonial authorities, somewhat weary of furnishing returns and answering questions, sat down and waited for the report till April, 1884. At last, however, it appeared, and then was explained the reason of the delay. In the Windward Islands (with which alone we are here concerned) the Commissioners, while denying the general condition to be retrogressive, admitted that things were backward and progress slow, and hit unerringly on the true causes thereof, viz., bad government and want of capital and labour. They accordingly recommended that the group should be confederated and the centre of government fixed at Grenada. And they prepared a most exhaustive scheme of administrative and financial

reform, which they had just reason to hope would insure greater economy, greater efficiency, and increased prosperity. All, however, depended on the confederation of the group, to which, at the time of their visit, the island governments appeared to be favourably inclined; but now the several islands refuse to be united, and the result is, that although the head-quarters of the group have been transferred, as recommended, to Grenada, the old system continues in force—a system so foolish and futile that no advance can be expected until it is swept away.

But before going further it will be better to state definitely that the Windward Islands (as hinted above) form one group of our insular possessions in the West Indies; their several names being St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, and St. Lucia. Being windward, *i.e.* trade-windward, they are the nearest to England, and they lie in the form of an obtuse-angled triangle, between 60° and 62° long. and 11° and 14° lat., Grenada being situated at the west or obtuse angle, St. Lucia at the north, and Tobago at the south angle; while a line drawn from the centre of Grenada would pass through St. Vincent, traversing on its way the chains of islets which run between the latter island and Grenada, and, though bearing the name of Grenadines, are shared as dependencies of both. In a line due west from St. Vincent, and 110 miles distant, lies Barbados, once the chief of the group, but this year separated and made a distinct government to herself.

The history of these four islands is full of interest, but it must suffice here to say that they have been more or less in our possession for the last 100 or 120 years. I say "more or less," because in the closing twenty years of the last century and the opening ten of the present they were in a chronic state of capture and recapture, now French and now English. Grenada and St. Lucia were, however, originally settled by France and St. Vincent by

England; while the first settlers in Tobago—though this island was, like St. Vincent, granted by an English king to a favourite—were Zealanders sent out by a Dutch merchant company. Once the richest of our colonies they were reduced to insignificance by the emancipation of the slaves and the equalisation of the sugar duties, and have never recovered their former prosperity. As a consequence they have been neglected by England; and though the scene of much hard fighting, both by sea and land, during the great war with France, and of not a few glorious victories, few now know or seek to know anything of them.

Up to the year 1876 each of these islands, except St. Lucia, enjoyed the blessing of representative government. Each had its governor or lieutenant-governor, its little house of commons (sixteen to twenty-six members), and its little house of peers (not hereditary), with the title of "honourable." In places so small and unimportant such a form of government could not but be inefficient and ridiculous. Elections were a farce, and the transactions of the house puerile and absurd. It was found impossible to persuade honourable members to take a proper interest in the business of the colony, and the result was that none attended save a few verbose and not over respectable individuals, who, having a distaste for work, and being without aspirants to importance, sought to gratify these aspirations by bringing forward absurd notions in ungrammatical speeches, passing unconstitutional acts, and generally converting the floor of the house into a fishless Billingsgate. One such individual divided the house (seven members present if I recollect aright) no fewer than forty-four times in one afternoon; and I have seen a despatch from the Colonial Office wherein out of five acts sent up for confirmation two were disallowed as unconstitutional. Thus constitutional government in these islands, however valuable for purposes of public diversion, became useless for its true object, and

hence, in 1876, it was swept away by the voluntary act of each, regretted only by those who, having lived on its abuses, now found their occupation gone.

The new form of government, that now existent, is of course the opposite pole to the old: being that known as Crown Colony Government by which all power is vested in a governor or administrator, assisted by an executive council, comprising the two chief officials, treasurer and attorney-general, with occasionally an unofficial member or two; and by a legislative council, including all the above, with the addition of an official or two more and an equal or less number of unofficial members nominated by the Crown. Thus provision is made for rapid if not for sensible legislation, and, as may be seen, the Colonial Office can procure at any time the passage of any measures that it wishes: a power not always appreciated in the colony. But in respect of the civil service, which needs reform at least as urgently, each kept and keeps, as under the old *régime*, what is described by a West Indian as "the paraphernalia of a kingdom with the population of a fourth-rate English town." Each of the four has its own administrator, chief justice (except St. Lucia and Tobago, which share one judge between them), attorney-general, treasurer and staff, auditor and staff, colonial engineer, chief of police and police force, with medical officers and minor officials innumerable, to say nothing of separate prisons, and other institutions, widely different tariffs, and its own distinct and very diffuse statute book. The islands average the Isle of Wight in size, and the total population is about 110,000 souls; the number of salaried officials in 1881 (and no great reduction, if any, has since been made) was 403, of whom perhaps forty were efficient, costing 50,889*l*. Nor does the machinery of administration end here. The administrators can do little or nothing without the sanction of the

governor-in-chief, and the governor-in-chief in his turn little or nothing without the sanction of the Colonial Office, always particularly jealous in the matter of Crown Colonies; while the Colonial Office in its turn is subject to the influence of two more independent bodies—the West India Committee, and, most potent of all, Exeter Hall. "The West India Committee in London (to use the words of the Royal Commissioners), a body interested in but certainly not resident in the islands, has on occasions claimed (and, it might have been added, successfully claimed) sufficient influence to advise the Imperial authorities that ordinances passed by the local legislatures be disallowed as being opposed to what the Committee consider to be to the best interests of the islands." This body is made up of gentlemen or representatives of firms with estates situated and money invested in the West Indies, and it would hardly be too much to say that the great majority of the planters are in debt to one or other of the gentlemen or firms therein represented. What it considers to be to the best interests of the islands coincides with that which it considers best for its own interests: where the two interests are identical it does good work, but experience shows that this is not invariably the case.

On the spot, however, the only bond of union for the group is the governor-in-chief. It is true that after the reforms of 1876 an attempt was made at confederation, but it was then proposed to incorporate Barbados also, and Barbados firmly declined. Then came mismanagement and rioting, so the scheme was given up. The union, such as it is, should be closer now that the governor-in-chief has only four islands instead of five to manage and those all under the same form of government. When the head-quarters were at Barbados the union was purely nominal, for the simple reason that he was utterly

unprovided with a proper staff. In every island, of course, there were officials without end, but for the management of the group as a whole (and it must be remembered that the governor-in-chief is the medium of communication between the various administrators and the Colonial Office) he had nothing but his own private office, consisting of a private secretary and two clerks. No provision has been made for any alteration of this system; the necessity for it having apparently been overlooked, though, as will, I think, be seen from the refusal of the islands to be united, now more urgent than ever.

While the head-quarters were at Barbados (and things cannot have changed much in three months) the work in the Crown Colony Islands was most inefficiently done, and had to be done anew in the governor-in-chief's office. This, of course, caused an immense amount of correspondence which might otherwise have been avoided, besides a vast deal of trouble and unpleasantness. The variety of questions that came for solution to an office entirely destitute of technical assistance was extraordinary; financial, legal, medical, and, of course, legislative; estimates to be recast, plans for public works to be examined, ordinances to be amended, sometimes almost redrafted, all by this hard-worked little body. Happily, for the last ten years, the governors-in-chief have been singularly able men and aided by exceptionally able assistants on the permanent staff of the office: and it is due to the chiefs of departments in Barbados to say that when technical help was absolutely indispensable, none could have given it more loyally and willingly than they did, though such aid formed no part of their regular duties. Hence it was that this makeshift lasted so long; and it is no slight compliment to the members of the governor-in-chief's office that its reform should have seemed unnecessary. None could have done the work more efficiently than

the two gentlemen who, though young and underpaid, held the post of chief clerk between 1877 and the present year; but the labour was far too severe for so small a staff, and it was not right (though I do not think it did any harm) that such important work should have been intrusted, as it was at one time, to a chief clerk of twenty-three, a private secretary of twenty-two, and a second clerk of nineteen.

Meanwhile it may be asked how it was that the men who swallowed up 50,889*l.* of salaries showed so little value for the money. The answer is simple enough, and is equally true now: a great many are incompetent and some dishonest. Then it may be asked why not rid the service of them and obtain competent men? The answer is again perfectly simple: they are not to be obtained at the salaries offered. The fact has long been recognised, and it was brought forward by the commissioners in three pithy and telling sentences. "The low salaries are presumably in proportion to the quantity of the work, but altogether inadequate if the quality be taken into consideration. We are of opinion that the recent scandals in Grenada and elsewhere are due to causes always possible and indeed probable where officials generally have to accept such low salaries, while the duties they are called upon to perform are of the highest order. Even if *bona fides* be secured, as it often is, such salaries are certainly insufficient to attract the necessary training, ability, or independence." The insertion of the words "as it often is," perhaps intended to modify the severity of the preceding sentences, indicates most happily the character of the civil service of the Windward Islands, and the sarcasm, even if unconscious, is certainly not unmerited.

Let us examine first the highest paid officials—the administrators. The salaries were, when the commissioners made this report, as follows:—Grenada, 1,300*l.*; St. Vincent and St. Lucia,

1,000*l.*; Tobago, 800*l.* Well, it may be said, that is not bad pay; there must be plenty of men ready to accept such salaries. Quite so; there is no lack of men ready to accept 1000*l.* a year, but the question is whether they are fit to govern a colony. As to the work, that depends in great measure on the administrator himself; the busiest are not always the best, and the best are apt to complain, in these little islands, that time hangs heavy on their hands. The first duty of an administrator in a small Crown Colony is, I take it, to keep a balance in the treasury; the next to make his officers work, and keep them from quarrelling—neither the easiest of tasks in the West Indies. If he succeed so far he does pretty well, but to be of real value he must have a good constitution, energy, tact and common sense; he must be as ubiquitous as an estate-agent, and watch every department with vigilance. Now, considering the difficulty there is in finding men so gifted for pleasanter and better paid places, no one need be surprised that few are ready to exchange such qualifications for 1000*l.* a year and exile in a wretched little island. But the fault in the matter of the administrators was not attributable to salaries only. There was a strong tendency, not yet wholly extinct, on the part of the Colonial Office to utilise these small administratorships as quasi-pensions for men of a certain standing in the colonial service, or with certain claims on it, who were, either through age or natural defects, totally unfit for the work. Any one is supposed to be good enough for the poor West Indian Islands, and so they were (I hope it is a thing of the past) made a refuge for placemen and others, who, having failed in other positions, not so much for want of uprightness as want of sense, had to be provided for somewhere. It has long been a standing complaint in the West Indian Civil Service that men seem to think failure in all other callings adequate qualification for employment therein. The

complaint is well grounded, but when the Imperial Government sets the example in the highest colonial places, the colonists can hardly be blamed for following suit. The consequences to these islands have been most disastrous, and their present backward condition is doubtless due quite as much to bad government as want of labour and capital. Nor does it seem probable that any improvement is to be expected at present, since, owing perhaps to the necessity for retrenchment, the administrators' salaries in these islands are to be reduced instead of increased as the commission recommended. This, however, may possibly attract young men who are far the most desirable for these posts: from them some energy and active co-operation with an able governor-in-chief, may be expected, which cannot be from men who have got through the best part of their lives and have no hope of promotion. It must, however, be admitted that some of the older among the recent administrators in the Windward Islands displayed an activity in certain directions which was the amazement even of those who knew them best. There were men, wonderful men, with Saxon blue ribbons and scarlet stripes, who could always be relied on to show an annual deficit in the treasury, half yearly scandals in the public service, and quarterly quarrels among the principal officials, in which they themselves frequently took a prominent share. Thus time which should have been devoted to active supervision of all public work was given up to writing long despatches with bulky inclosures, full of false arguments, pointless recrimination and bad grammar. Subordinate officials of superior capacity, delighting to see their chiefs go wrong, made no effort to set them right in palpable mistakes: and so the public business floundered on. Then the governor-in-chief had to set matters right, meting out knuckle-rappings all round; whereupon the parties would sometimes unite in a common grievance against him, and the adminis-

trator, elated at finding his advisers for once at his back, would write an impertinent despatch maintaining his own position by illogical conclusions, drawn, in obscure language, from doubtful premisses, and concluding sometimes with such a sentence as this, "In this opinion the Executive Council concur, copy herewith." Then, of course, the knuckle-rappings were dealt out afresh with increased severity and the council, somewhat scared, would rescind its obnoxious resolution ("copy herewith"); and thereupon internal dissension, recruited by a short rest, arose anew with still greater activity.

The next in rank among the active officials are the crown law officers, or, as they are called, attorneys-general. The work assigned to them, including as it does the drafting of all ordinances, is most important, and calls especially for able and trustworthy men; for, owing to the governor-in-chief's lack of a legal assistant, little or no supervision can be given to it short of the Colonial Office. The salary in each of the four islands is 400*l.*, and as it would obviously be impossible to obtain men of any legal standing whatever for this sum, it is necessary to allow them private practice; a system obviously pernicious, and in such small places perilous in the extreme. Nevertheless, the positively evil effects have been fewer than might have been expected.

Next after these rank the treasurers, with salaries varying from 400*l.* to 500*l.* per annum. Although the treasurer has always charge of the revenue department, the work is not heavy, and the salaries are in so far adequate, but to insure the employment of properly-trained and independent men, far too small. Hence gentlemen are frequently selected, from occupations utterly unconnected with finance, to fulfil these duties, simply because they can be depended on not to rob the till. This of course is a great desideratum, and it is a great relief to be sure that it is attained; but the colonies suffer none the less

from such appointments, for financial ability is of the last importance to them, and no crude zeal, however honest, can supply the omission. For the audit of accounts there are four auditors, with salaries from 200*l.* to 300*l.*, but, unlike the treasurers, without a seat *ex-officio* in the council. As the auditors are charged with the preparation of the estimates, and their functions are really of at least equal importance to those of the treasurers, this undervaluation of their office is a mistaken and mischievous policy. Among the minor officials of the revenue department embezzlement is of frequent occurrence, and may be expected to continue so; cases are not unknown in the post-office also, and sometimes, though more rarely, even among the higher officials. Minor salaried officials are, in all cases, of a piece with their superiors; gaol scandals, hospital scandals, coolie immigrant scandals are common, and cause no great surprise.

As to the legislative machinery, the legislative council includes, of course, members of all kinds. Of the officials mention has already been made; among the unofficial, then, are gentlemen who work for the good of the colony (rare in most islands), individuals who combine with officials to rob it, men who always support the administrator, men (sometimes veterans of the old assembly) who, on principle, oppose him; men who support him when sober and oppose him when drunk, and *vice versa*; all somewhat fond of airing their opinions and embodying them in the form of long-written protests to the Secretary of State. The proceedings at the sittings, held weekly or fortnightly, are not always of a very dignified character, and the rapidity, not to say apathy, with which ordinances are passed is startling. The attorney-general introduces bills, as a rule, though sometimes preceded by the administrator, and beyond a few not always pertinent questions, the measure, unless the spirit of opposition is unusually strong, passes without debate. Sup-

pose, for example, that for public convenience, and in the ulterior hope of obtaining a small revenue, an ordinance is proposed, say for the registration of cats, the minutes of the council, if given with rather more fullness and faithfulness than usual, would often run somewhat as follows:—

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the administrator rose to move the second reading of the Cat's Registration Ordinance. The council would remember (he said) that at the last meeting the attorney-general, on introducing this measure, had explained its object and entered into some of its provisions. These he (the administrator) would now briefly recapitulate. He had taken, throughout a not uneventful life, a peculiar interest in cats, and might, he thought, fairly say, without undue arrogance, that he understood those animals better than most men. Thus he was happy to say that, with the assistance of the attorney-general on a few technical points, he had been able to draft a bill, which, in his opinion, amply provided for a simple, thorough, and efficient census of the cats in the island, with a view to their careful preservation for the extinction of rats and other vermin, whose abundance exercised a highly deleterious influence on the staple crop of the colony, the sugar cane. (The council here exchanged meaning smiles.) This would be done at a nominal cost, which it was reasonable to expect would be made good, and more, by the small registration fee exacted under the provisions of clause —. He was confident that such an enactment would go far to enhance the prosperity of the island, and would be another step in the advance of commerce, civilisation, and liberty, which they all held dear. He would not detain them longer, but heartily commended the bill to the favourable treatment of the council.

The attorney-general seconded the motion.

The clerk rose to commence the

second reading, when an unofficial member rose, and, in husky and broken tones, protested against this hasty legislation. He had never seen the bill before, and entertained the strongest objections to it. He took this opportunity of complaining of the laxity of the clerk in sending copies of draft ordinances to members of council.

The clerk (with permission) explained that he was quite sure he had sent the honourable member a copy of the ordinance in question a fortnight ago, this with all respect to the honourable member.

The honourable member said he had never seen it—no, nor any other draft ordinance for a year before that date.

The administrator begged the honourable member's pardon, but he could bear out his clerk's statement. The honourable member appeared to have forgotten that at the last meeting he supported this bill, and spoke in high approval of it.

The honourable member had no recollection whatever of the fact.

The administrator said he was in the recollection of the council; he feared the honourable member's memory was a short one.

The honourable member, after smiling blandly on the council for some seconds, said that this circumstance reminded him of an anecdote which he had forgotten. (After struggling for some minutes with recollections that seemed to overpower him, the honourable member sat down abruptly with some violence, and was silent.)

The bill was read a second time.

The attorney-general moved that it be read a third time and passed.

The honourable member aforesaid rose suddenly, and said that His Honour¹ had insulted him.—(Cries of "Order," interspersed with soothing ejaculations, amid which the bill was read a third time, and passed.)

¹ An Administrator is by regulation "His Honour;" by adulation only, "His Excellency."

Thereupon, it would be sent up to the governor-in-chief, and by him transmitted to the Colonial Office, from which, after a month or two, a despatch would arrive, saying that the meaning of the word "cat," for purposes of the ordinance was insufficiently explained in the definition clause, and ordering an amending ordinance to be passed, inserting the word "puss" between the words "tom" and "tabby," or some such thing. Then the scene would be repeated over, "An Ordinance intituled, an Ordinance to amend an Ordinance to provide for the Registration of Cats," containing a preamble and one clause. This may be thought an exaggeration, but it is not so; the imaginary ordinance is not more ridiculous, and might be found of greater value than some of those passed by these island legislatures.

Such was the administration of the Windward Islands generally, in spite of all the efforts of able and energetic governors-in-chief. Nevertheless, under a good administrator, much useful work could be done, but this was unfortunately the exception. In some cases it was impossible to obtain the execution of the simplest orders aright, and little confidence could be placed in men who, often with the best intentions, invariably chose the worst of two alternatives, and never failed in a dispute, even if originally in the right, to place themselves in the wrong. And if any one would know what distrust of the government can do in these little places, let them learn that two years ago government by French Radicals of the worst type, drove 56,000% of capital (a large sum in those little places) from Martinique into St. Lucia, and obliged the bank to raise the rate of discount.

The reforms suggested by the Commission were on so uniform a system, that a short explanation will suffice. First, the four islands were to have been confederated, the central government being fixed at Grenada, with a council, including representatives from each. In regard to the departments, the

same plans were to have been followed throughout; one well-paid chief at head-quarters, with subordinates, whom he would be bound to visit constantly, in each island. Thus for four administrators under the old *régime* were to be substituted one governor, with sufficient salary to attract good men, and three resident magistrates, with half the salary of the old administrators; similarly there was to be one treasurer-in-chief, and one attorney-general for the group, with double the present salaries. Further, gaols, hospitals, and other public institutions were to be centralised, the laws consolidated, the tariffs and shipping dues made uniform for the group. These measures were justly expected to produce increased revenue, greater prosperity, and more efficient service; decreased expenditure was also counted upon, though not with such good reason. But one thing is certain, that the proposed scheme would have been a great improvement on the present system, and it is much to be regretted that the colonists should have rejected it. That they should have done so is, however, matter of no surprise, so deep-rooted is the distrust of the executive and the Colonial Office, owing to years of misgovernment.

Before examining each island separately, it is necessary to look at the other causes to which the backwardness and slow progress of these islands is due, *viz.* the want of labour and capital. As regards capital, the difficulty of obtaining labour is one great deterrent, and the other (which does not apply to St. Lucia) is the restriction of its influx by the priority given to consignees' liens by the rule of the West India Encumbered Estates Court, "which prevents capitalists advancing money on the security of real property mortgages." St. Vincent, Grenada, and Tobago in the Windward group placed themselves under the court, and this rule of priority has been the ruin of many planters. Its effects as generally understood in the islands themselves, are exactly those summed

up by the commissioners in their report as to the working of the court.

"Leading lawyers, warn their clients that mortgages on estates are worthless as securities. Planters can only obtain money from the one, two or three firms who happen to be consignees, as well as to have command of capital. These firms thus obtain the monopoly of the supply of money. And in some of the islands the greater part of the cultivatable land has fallen into the hands of one mercantile firm in London, which has made such advances. We may instance the island of St. Vincent, where by far the greatest part of the available land is now in the hands of one London firm."

"The ultimate price of these advances varies in different cases. Usually the consignee undertakes the sale of the sugar, demanding a certain kind of sugar, and deciding on the time and place of sale. He also supplies the estate with all stores and machinery, and obliges the planter to use his ships. The planter thus loses all advantages of choice of time, and place of sale, all advantages of change in the kind of sugar made. He has to pay a varying 'extra' as commission on sale, extra freight, extra profit on stores and machinery, which the consignee charges, or may charge, in virtue of his monopoly. It has been calculated that in some cases the planter is forced ultimately to pay twelve to fifteen per cent. for the money he borrows. As we shall see in detail those colonies in which the consignee enjoys the priority of lien are the very colonies which suffer from a want of capital. In these colonies there is less progress, less prosperity, less profit."

To show how it is that estates accumulate in the hands of a London firm, the following remarks of an ex-attorney general in the West Indies will suffice:—"The consignee having advanced money has only to insist on new machinery being put up, or some other large outlay, and then suddenly to demand repayment. The estate is put

through the court and bought by him at a low price."

The report of the commissioners has given this court its death blow, and it is shortly to be abolished. In its time it has done some good, but for many years it has been simply a burden, and the planter will rejoice to be freed from it.

As to the question of labour the answer is simple enough. The negro will not work on estates. This may be questioned by those who, from ignorance of the facts, or confusion of East Indian with African coloured men, hold that the negro is irreproachably industrious; but none the less it is the truth, and serious enough. The reasons advanced to account for it are various, —low rate of wages, oppression of planters—but, in reality, it is simply the negro's distaste for work in the abstract. I do not mean to imply that he is in this respect singular, but certainly his enjoyment of absolute idleness is marvellously keen, indeed really enviable. His strength is to sit still, in the shade, if it be hot—in the sun if it be cool. It is perfectly true that some labourers are always preferring complaints against the planters, more especially against the employers of coolie immigrant labour; but a negro's accusations are always to be received with caution, the more so as planters prefer negro-labour to that of coolies, and are ready to pay higher for it. Nor is the remuneration inadequate, though, perhaps, to English notions small, 10*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* being the usual daily wages, (though more can be earned), generally supplemented by as much sugar-cane as the labourer can eat, rations of rum and sugar juice, and very often a plot of ground, sometimes granted for rent and sometimes free. Considering that a shilling will in most places feed a man for a week, this cannot be deemed illiberal or insufficient, but even where the cost of living is so small, there is a great deal of poverty, due simply to the preference given by the negro to a pig's life. Again, even those that do work

for wages will not work regularly ; a St. Lucia planter stated to the commission that he doubted if regular negro labour could be obtained at 18s. a week.

Squatting is a very serious mischief, so serious that nothing but effete administration would have suffered it to exist so long. In every island there are large tracts of Crown land, or land owned by nobody in particular ; for boundaries of estates are ill-defined and titles not always clear. In these tracts flourish the squatters and riff-raff of the island. The first step is to cut down the trees which cover the ground, often valuable woods, and burn them for charcoal ; then the newly cleared plot is planted with plantains and other food crops, which, owing to the fertility of the soil require little or no cultivation, and there sits our friend idle till the little plot is cropped to death, when he moves on and clears another such, leaving the exhausted soil to be covered with rank useless jungle. Thus the land is wasted (for as soon as it ceases to produce food spontaneously it is abandoned), and the rainfall seriously impaired—the removal of a dozen tall trees on a hill-top being quite enough to make the difference of abundance or drought in the valley adjoining. In St. Lucia the mischief was checked by a thorough survey of the island, by which all boundaries were defined and titles properly ascertained, so that no squatter was safe ; but in St. Lucia only of the Windward group. The whole question, involving as it does that of forest conservation, is of vital importance to these islands, and should be taken in hand as early as possible before it is too late. I believe there is more wealth in some of these untouched forests than many dream of.

Smuggling is very profitable and very popular. The facilities for it are great, owing to the number of little inlets all round the islands, the thinness of the population and the practical absence of prevention. It is im-

possible to provide a proper remedy against it without co-operation on the part of all the islands, Windward and Leeward, French and English, and even so the cost of an efficient preventive service would probably be too heavy. Something may be done, and latterly has been done, by stationing police at favourite spots, and assimilation of tariffs might also help somewhat by making smuggling less profitable. But there is too much reason to fear that planters profit by it as well as the lower classes, and if this be the case, the difficulties of putting a stop to illicit traffic will necessarily be greatly increased.

Thus the mischief due to these three causes, which might with proper government have been considerably reduced, is done ; and now much of it is past healing. It must, however, be said in justice to the negroes, that as peasant proprietors they are industrious and add materially to the prosperity of the islands where such a class exists ; but at present it is found in Grenada alone of the Windward group. Meanwhile, it has been necessary to import coolie labour from the East Indies at heavy expense, which isolation and bad administration have not served to make lighter. In the first place, the islands, being disunited, cannot afford to keep their own immigration agent in India, and so have to depend on those of other colonies ; and secondly, owing to mismanagement and helplessness on the part of the local executive, planters have frequently been put to great expense and received not a coolie in return. Then again, coolies do not as a rule stay in these small islands, but either claim their return passage to India or go across to Trinidad and British Guiana, where their brethren exist by tens of thousands and rise, in many cases, to affluence. Further, there is at present another distinct attraction which draws the labouring population away from the West Indies generally, *viz.*, the Panama Canal Works. The company offers

a dollar a day to negroes, and its agents are busy in every island. This is practically remediless, though some thing may be done, by warning all who go, that if they return as paupers the colony will not be burdened with their support. A notice to this effect was issued in Barbados in 1882, and was found a most successful deterrent.

But now it is time to pay a short visit to the several islands of the group, and Grenada being the headquarters let us begin with that. There she is, like all her sisters from Trinidad to Guadeloupe (and further for aught I know), a rugged mass of red rock and soil hurled up from the beautiful blue water, tumbled into lofty mountains and deep precipitous valleys, and clothed with a mantle of green; wondrously beautiful, wondrously fertile, and reminded even now by occasional gentle earthshakings of her origin. The capital town of St. George's is, of course, on the leeward or western side, and the harbour is of the loveliest. The entrance is narrow and commanded by an old fort, a hundred feet above the sea, on the left thereof (for Grenada has changed hands more than once, and has seen some fighting in her time), and the quaint little town with its red French roofs curves round a steep hill-side at the head of the inlet. The streets are narrow and paved with cobble-stones, but there is nothing that is interesting and a good deal that is unsavoury, so it is better to go at once to Government House, a hundred feet or so above it, and look inland. What is then to be seen? Mountains and forest, and apparently only one house; a wooded Dartmoor: but there are houses for all that, and what you take for forest is not all forest, but partly cacao plantations. And if you take a ride along the roads southward or westward (always assuming them to be passable) you shall find plenty of sugar-cane fields, though not so many as you would have years ago, and a great many hill-sides planted ap-

parently with bananas, but in reality with cacao, for young cacao-trees are delicate and each must have its banana to shelter it from the sun. In a word Grenada is become a cacao instead of a sugar-growing island, and should do well. You shall find also nutmegs, a crop which pays well when the trees begin to bear, but, as with cacao, you must wait a few years and keep the ground clean. Nor is it every nutmeg-tree that will bear fruit, but only the female tree, and the percentage of males to females is remarkably small. Still, nutmegs pay well, and there is talk of trees being worth 40*l.* or 50*l.* annually. Pretty fruit it is too when ripe: the colour of an apricot, but smaller, with a deep split in one side, showing a clot of blood red. That clot is mace, or allspice, which thinly overlays one side of the kernel or true nutmeg. Both are valuable commercially, and the outer rind makes excellent preserve. What would you more? Here is an isolated cocoa-tree, low but wide-spreading, with black trunk and long leaves like those of the Spanish chestnut, but darker and glossier, amid which you can see the great yellow pods shining like lamps. This also is a crop that pays well (if anything pays in these hard times); no continual need of skilled cultivation as with sugar, and no expense in working up the raw material. Here is a whole plantation of bearing trees: push on a little and you will find the estate buildings. Watch that negro as he cuts open the pods; there you see a number of purple brown beans, between thirty and forty if you count, each about the size of a filbert, floating in what appears to be liquid tallow. Now all those beans will be buried in leaves to ferment and "sweat out" that starchy, tallow-like matter, and then laid on the trollies, which are simply large trays on wheels, to dry in the sun. If rain should come on the trollies will be run under the house for shelter. That is the whole process here, except the packing of the beans in bags of,

roughly, a hundred pounds weight, which, in good times, are worth from 45s. to 80s., according to quality. Then, besides cacao and nutmeg, we have vanilla, cloves, ginger, Liberian coffee, and Tonquin beans in small but increasing quantities; while of oranges, guavas, mangos, and other fruits we take no account.

With all this Grenada should be a flourishing island, and so in a certain sense it is, but there is plenty of room for further development. Not above three-eighths of the land are cultivated, and there are but 43,000 inhabitants to a total area of 133 square miles. It is curious to note the difference that a century has made in these islands. In the four years 1878-1882 the annual exports from Grenada average as follows:—Sugar, 4,250,000 lbs.; molasses, nil; rum, 16,000 gallons; cacao, 4,450,000 lbs.—valued at 210,000*l.* without any deduction. In 1776 the exports were:—Sugar, 23,285,764 lbs.; rum, 818,700 gallons; cacao, 457,719 lbs.; coffee, 1,827,166 lbs.; cotton, 91,943 lbs.; indigo, 27,638 lbs.—valued at the port of shipment after the deduction of freight duties, insurance and other charges, at 600,000*l.* In the same year 72,141 acres paid land-tax, and it was estimated that 50,000 were actually cultivated; in 1883 17,780 acres only were under cultivation, and yet the population in 1776 was 37,000 as against 43,000 at present, but of these 35,000 were slaves.

Still, the comparison would not tell so adversely to the present were it not that the revival of the island has been retarded by bad government. Grenada has been peculiarly unfortunate in her rulers: intemperance, incompetence, and imbecility have played a leading part latterly in her administration, and private enterprise has been greatly hampered thereby. Money liberally voted by the Legislative Council has been squandered and misappropriated. Grenada may be thankful that her central position has secured for her the headquarters of government;

henceforth she may possibly be safer from scandals and the demoralisation consequent thereon.

From Grenada let us pass northward, along the chain of the Grenadines, to St. Vincent. The capital, Kingstown, can boast of no harbour; nothing but an open roadstead, a narrow bay between two lofty horns. On the left horn is Fort Charlotte, 1100 feet above the sea, once renowned as impregnable; for St. Vincent has seen more fighting than some islands, and at one time needed four English generals and 7,000 men to put down the French and insurgent blacks. From this fort, now used as police barracks, there is a good view of the town as it lies in a gentle curve along the narrow plain adjoining the beach. Its construction is simple: three streets a mile and a half long parallel to each other and to the sea, and as many running at right angles to them; the town ceasing abruptly where the ground begins to rise towards Mount St. Andrew, which towers up 2000 feet behind the whole. St. Vincent is rather larger than Grenada, equally beautiful and fertile, and nearly half of it is cultivated. Sugar, unfortunately, constitutes the staple product, but there is also considerable cultivation of arrowroot to the value of 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* annually. The island has suffered much owing to the accumulation of the greater part of the land in the hands of a single English firm, which, having the monopoly of capital and hence preponderating influence, holds the island practically in the hollow of its hand. These large proprietors will permit of no small holdings: they will let land for rent, but they will not sell; and they insist on the cultivation of sugar only, desiring to keep the people dependent on them—a vicious system fostered by the West Indian Encumbered Estates Court. Now the English sugar market has collapsed, and what will happen to St. Vincent no one knows. It is most probable that, unless some new convention be con-

cluded with the United States, the land will go out of cultivation, and the colony be ruined owing to the short-sighted and selfish policy of the monopolist consignees. They, of course, will suffer as well as the island, but they deserve no pity, for it is they that have for so many years drawn large incomes from the West Indian Colonies giving nothing countervailing in return, and have done, with their peers, incalculable injury, not in St. Vincent only but throughout the length and breadth of the Caribbean Archipelago. And poor St. Vincent is in other respects also an unlucky place: she has suffered above her sisters from wars, hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, and bad government. Once the botanic garden of the West Indies she has given place to Trinidad, and though some of the finest known nutmeg trees still flourish around the Government House to tell of past glory, yet they have latterly served only to put another hundred pounds a year into the pockets of an unsuccessful administrator.

But we must leave St. Vincent and away, still northward, to St. Lucia. Our point is the two peaks visible many miles away over the sea-line: these are the Pitons, at the south-west corner of the islands, two sugarloaf-like mountains rising side by side sheer out of the sea to a height of near 4000 feet; the finest sight, some say, that is to be seen in the West Indies. Castries, the capital, is further to the north, tucked away in a long, deep inlet, snug and safe. Look away a mile or two to your left as you enter the harbour and you will see a bay with a small conical islet, barely apart from the mainland, at one end thereof; that is Pigeon Island and the bay is Gros Islet bay. You know the names, of course? No! Well, it was from that bay that Rodney started on the 8th April, 1782, in pursuit of the the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, beginning on that day the action finally decided by the great victory of the 12th; and it was on

that island, once strongly fortified and still covered with ruins of large barracks, that he stood and watched and longed for the appearance of the enemy. Nay, it was by Rodney's advice (so it is said) that we took St. Lucia, instead of Martinique, at the final conclusion of peace with France, for the sake of the harbour of Castries, which no hurricane can render unsafe. As usual there are lofty hills all around the inlet; that on the right as you enter, with the ruined fort at the summit, is the Morne Fortunée. That name is, at any rate, familiar? No! Well, this same Morne was in April and May, 1796, the scene of fierce fighting between the English and French. The English, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, were the assailants, and actually drove the French from that terribly strong position; in which operations Brigadier John Moore so greatly distinguished himself that he was left to complete the subjugation of the island and to govern it when subdued. Moore remained in St. Lucia till 1797, refusing, meanwhile, the government of Grenada, and went home after two attacks of yellow fever; from the second of which he was saved, almost literally from his winding sheet, to be buried, as every one knows, after years more of fighting, in his cloak at Coruña. Government House is still at the top of the Morne, and a military cemetery, until the advent of another soldier Governor four years ago, neglected and uncared for, is within a stone's throw. The road leading to it is so steep that a carriage can hardly ascend it, and how Moore got his guns up not only here, but also to higher hills behind, is a marvel. St. Lucia is still French in everything but name; the cheery hospitable planters speak French or at all events prefer it, and the negroes have, as in Grenada, their own extraordinary patois. It is really a thriving little place, on a larger and grander scale than the rest of the group, nearly twice the size, in fact, of Grenada, but with a smaller population. Neverthe-

less, though far harder to traverse than the rest, owing to excessive ruggedness and not quite so healthy as they are, it is far happier, quieter, and more prosperous, and its exports considerably exceed theirs. But then St. Lucia has never had a parody of representative government, nor the benefit of the West Indian Encumbered Estates Court, and, more important than all, has been fortunate in her administrators. Hence it was that the old families of Martinique, feeling no confidence in their own government, brought capital exceeding a year's revenue into St. Lucia, and thought it worth while to give 56,000*l.* for a valley sold but five years previously for 4,000*l.* Close to Castries is a Usine or Central Sugar Factory on the French system, and very good sugar it produces; but here again the state of the sugar market must hit St. Lucia hard, yet not, it is devoutly to be hoped, fatally hard. Though sugar is the staple crop, cocoa is rising in popularity, and logwood forms also an article of export; moreover, efforts are making to cultivate tobacco, for which the soil is well suited. Then again the harbour is naturally very good and with some expenditure may be greatly improved; already Atlantic steamers can coal alongside the wharfs, and no fewer than eight lines make Castries a coaling station. To make the harbour perfect, elaborate plans and estimates prepared by a celebrated English engineer, set down the cost at 100,000*l.*; but for a fifth of that sum much could be done. Then the necessary defences would take another 50,000*l.* and Martinique being but thirty miles away, some think it would be well for them to be taken in hand at once. One disadvantage only, and that greatly exaggerated, renders St. Lucia somewhat unpopular to planters in other islands, viz., the abundance of snakes, especially of that venomous kind known as the *fer-de-lance*. The deaths from snake-bite, however, are not very many, and advancing cultivation will go far towards diminishing

the number of these reptiles. At one time Government offered a reward for every snake killed, but the astute negro used to take ship and hie him to Martinique, whence he returned with a boat-load of snakes which that island could very well afford to dispense with, and depleted the reward fund; so the practice had to be stopped. For all this St. Lucia, if the present crisis in the sugar trade be successfully passed, may be expected to rise in importance and, outstripping the rest of the group, to take her place eventually at their head.

The distance to Tobago from Grenada is eighty-three miles, south and east. Tobago is the least of the Windward Islands, with a total area of 73,000 acres, less than half of which are cultivated. The population is about 18,000 and stationary; the revenue about 13,000*l.* and decreasing; the general condition bad and growing worse. There is no denying the fact that Tobago is a miserable place; its very capital contains little over a thousand people, and the public officers live in houses which hardly keep the rain out, and work in offices which are falling to pieces for want of repair. Who would think that Tobago was ever worth fighting for, as she is now! and yet we know that she was fought for. Can we not see as we look over Scarborough town from the dangerous roadstead, outside, a fort on the right hand hill and a great square-topped mountain behind it? and do we not know that the square top is another fort to which the French dragged their guns in some marvellous way and then smote us out of the island? But now, after many years' monopoly of land by a London firm that never gave back a tithe of what it received, after the unparalleled misfortune of government by two in succession of the worst administrators that ever turned a place upside down, and eternal bickerings among subordinates, what can be said for Tobago? Have not three years of vastly improved administration failed to do more than

keep her head above water and that only by severest retrenchment? And yet the island is as fertile and as lovely as any. Humbler than the rest, more hilly than mountainous, it is easier to make roads and, through a fortunate abundance of good metal, easier to keep them up than in St. Vincent, Grenada and St. Lucia—a great advantage and a great economy to any island. Further, there is plenty of pasture and some exportation of cattle, while Tobago ponies are well known and in considerable request. Latterly, moreover, there has been an increasing exportation of cocoa-nuts (N.B., Cocoa-nut palms and cacao trees are not, as some think, identical), which are very abundant, cost nothing to cultivate, and pay well. But few vessels call at Tobago, the mail indeed but once a month; and so, even if produce be ready, it is hard to get it shipped. Sugar, of course, is conveyed in the bottoms of the consignees; but these are not available for those who wish to keep out of their clutches. And, unless I am mistaken, the Tobago monopolist firm failed some months since, and in that case the greater part of the land must have gone out of cultivation. In any case the restriction of the cultivation to sugar only must tell heavily in this island as in St. Vincent, and the outlook is very dismal.

Such are these Windward Islands; once, with their sisters to Leeward, as fair and rich possessions as ever were owned perhaps by any country. Ruined forts, ruined barracks, neglected cemeteries remain to show the price we were willing to pay for them; but of the former prosperity not a trace. Once with no fear for aught save war and hurricane, they have lived to dread Exeter Hall and the Manchester School more than either of these: for their overthrow was not by storm nor by the sword, but by two Acts of the British Parliament passed in 1833 and 1846, which are remembered by

Englishmen as the triumphs of emancipation and free trade, but by the West Indians as times of ruin and distress. Ever since the West Indies have struggled to recover themselves, and now a third great crisis is on them—the admission of bounty-fed sugar on the same terms as free sugar has destroyed their trade, the rejection of Mr. Lubbock's Convention with the United States for the free admission of West Indian produce has shattered their last hopes, and ruin stares the vast majority, whose staple produce is sugar, in the face. What the ultimate effect will be, none can tell; the immediate effect is open disaffection and outcry for annexation to the United States—a sad sign in Colonies which plumed themselves on their loyalty. The question is too long for treatment here, but it is certain that the danger is serious and pressing, and unless something be done, and that quickly, the report of the Royal Commission must go for naught and the present condition go from bad to worse. Thus with sad misgivings for the future I take leave of these beautiful and unhappy islands. Their former prosperity was doubtless artificial: freedom and free trade destroyed it utterly; but the downfall is real enough. Success and failure were alike of our making; but both turned to our advantage, while, so far from helping the islands in their need, we have gradually withdrawn every privilege; the garrisons so highly prized have been removed, incapable governors have been entrusted with the administration, and consignees and money-lenders, secure under an Act of Parliament, have taken the lion's share of the produce to let themselves live in plenty in England. It is a sad story: when they piped unto us we danced, when they mourned unto us we lamented not. This is the complaint of the West Indies against England. Will she listen? I fear not.

THE QUESTION OF DRINK IN ENGLAND.

My reasons for venturing to write on this subject are, briefly stated, these. Being a moderate drinker myself, I am unable to see why some should make a merit of total abstinence; for while I freely admit that drunkenness is a very real and national vice, I am inclined to think that a natural reaction has led many too far in the opposite direction. In accordance with this view I have tried to discover whether there might not exist certain conditions at the present time which served only to promote excessive drinking and might be easily removed. And after some reflection I am convinced that the state of the public-houses themselves is very greatly answerable for the present frequent habit of drunkenness among the poorer classes. My attention was first drawn to this during a stay of some months in France and Germany, where I was greatly struck with the difference of the public-houses when compared with our own (the advantage being especially on the side of Germany)—a difference which it seemed to me might partly account for the greater sobriety of the people. I determined therefore to visit a certain number of public-houses in London at night, appearing as far as possible like an ordinary customer, in order to see whether the view I had taken of the question was justified by the result. I visited in all ten public-houses, taking mental notes of what I saw at the time, which I committed to writing as soon as I got home.

I propose here to give an account of some of them, suppressing for obvious reasons the names and localities.

A. was one I selected for an early visit, as I was by no means eager to venture far at first, and I had heard of it as a very quiet and respectable public-house. When I first entered there were six or seven men inside, chiefly

of the groom or coachman class. Three of them were seated, the rest were standing, but all of them were conversing in a friendly manner. There was more accommodation than I had seen in a previous visit to another "public," as there was a bench in the corner, capable of holding five, with a small table adjoining. But as at least twenty men were there during the half hour that I remained, the accommodation was obviously insufficient; and here as elsewhere nearly half of the whole room was taken up by the bar. The favourite drink seemed "bitter," though the three men who were seated were drinking something which I concluded to have been whisky. Nearly all who visited this public-house stayed longer than I, and certainly were there for the sake of social enjoyment, and not chiefly for the sake of drinking. The division into compartments is a feature in all public-houses, the number of compartments differing according to the size of the "public."

B. A low public-house in whose window absinthe was advertised. The atmosphere was so intolerable that the friend with whom I went insisted on going after five minutes. There were altogether (in the compartment which we entered) about sixteen persons; there was one small seat, capable of seating five, where four men were playing dominoes. There were—as far as I could see—no newspapers or any means of social enjoyment; and the beer was extremely bad.

C. In this public-house, which was divided into six or seven compartments, there were no seats of any kind (of course I can only state this positively as regards the compartment I entered). At one time, however, there were twenty people inside this one compartment; while the barman had nearly as much room for dispensing

liquor as we twenty customers for drinking it. Amongst those present were two soldiers, two postmen, and three or four women. There was only one man who was really drunk—so at least I inferred from his addressing the most idiotic remarks to any one who would listen to him, and also, perhaps unfairly, from his buying two halfpenny buns for a dog, which belonged to the man whose beer I had drunk; I must add, however, that the owner did not appreciate his kindness, as he tried to set the dog on him. There were no papers or any means of social recreation. The one point in favour of this public-house was that the ventilation was good. Most of the people were drinking beer; one or two were drinking mysterious-looking compounds whose component parts I could not investigate.

D. A public-house in the immediate vicinity of a large station; consequently there were several porters there. It was divided into four compartments; in the one which I entered there were ten persons, and during the short half-hour that I was there there were never more than twelve at one time. There were altogether seats for five or six, and the atmosphere was very good, but I cannot say that the place was well ventilated, as it was exceedingly draughty. There were several newspapers within the bar, which I did not notice till some one asked for one; and here I must remark that this may have been the case in the other places which I have before described, but I certainly did not observe it. Most of the people were drinking beer, and I did not notice that any one took more than one glass or pewter. (One or two, however, ordered spirits of some kind or other, and several people brought jugs to take away what they ordered.) But while the place was good so far as public-houses go at present, it was really scandalously deficient when compared with what might be done. The chief faults were a great draught, want of sitting accommodation (there were

only two small benches squeezed up close to the wall), and very little elbow-room, though inside the bar there was abundance of space.

E. was rather a small public-house, divided into three compartments; in the one which I entered there were only four persons. The space was extremely limited in this compartment, but there were seats all round it, capable of containing seven or eight persons. The ventilation was very bad; there was no supply of fresh air, and plenty of gas, but, on the other hand, there was no draught. In the third compartment a loud voice suddenly exclaimed, "You're an old swindler, you are!"—words which were repeated thirty or forty times in exactly the same loud monotonous tone. I fully expected a row, but the "old swindler," whoever he was, made no reply, and in a few minutes all was silent again. At first I thought there were no papers in the place, but afterwards I found that they took in the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and, I believe, one or two other papers also. The principal beverage was beer of one kind or another, but one man seemed to be taking whisky, and another some kind of cup.

F. As it was Saturday night, and this public-house was in a poor neighbourhood, I expected to find some of the poorest classes there; and, sure enough, when I entered, I found the compartment full of workmen, smoking short clay pipes. (This public-house was divided into four compartments.) There were about twelve persons when I first went in. The atmosphere was fair, but the place was draughty. The men were all drinking beer (and discussing racing); one woman who came while I was there ordered gin. There were two or three papers, but scandalously little accommodation—no more than one seat near the side wall, capable of containing only three persons.

In other ways I have observed many public-houses, and, judging from what I have been able to see

of their internal arrangements, all public-houses are pretty much of the same character. In fact the public-house of the present time is a *public house* merely in name—conducted, as it is, wholly for the gain of private persons, whose sole idea is consequently to sell as much liquor as possible to every customer. It is a place without comfort, with hardly any sitting accommodation, small, dirty, ill-ventilated, affording scarcely any facilities for literary or social enjoyment; *where all the attraction is intentionally confined to the bar*, and where the liquor is in many cases drugged to increase the thirst of the unfortunate customer.

The first thing, then, which seems imperative towards diminishing the general tendency to drunkenness among the poorer classes is to provide some decent public building or house to which they may go. I have endeavoured to show that the public-house as it at present exists in England is a disgrace to a civilised country; but it exists because it supplies (though imperfectly) a *real and natural want*. That want is the craving for society—a want which teetotalers *seem to have totally ignored* in their exertions in this field.

I give here a report of one of their meetings, taken from the *Daily News* of April 16th:—

“Yesterday afternoon a conference was held at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of London, to receive and discuss the reports of the enumerators who have been engaged in taking a census of the people visiting public-houses on Saturday night from 9 P.M., to 12 o'clock.—The Chairman, after the meeting had been opened with prayer by the Rev. J. F. Gladstone, called upon the secretary, Mr. George Calvert, to read the returns that had been made. From these it appears that in a given district in the north of London (St. Pancras) fifty-two public-houses were watched one Saturday night, with the result that 11,403 men, 7,731 women, and 1,958 children, or a total of

21,092 persons were seen to enter between nine and twelve o'clock. In another district, in the south, the total number of persons going to the fifty public-houses watched was 29,357, made up of 17,347 men, 10,665 women, and 1,645 children. In the west forty-nine houses were visited by 21,962 persons, of whom 12,809 were men, 7,455 women, and 1,698 children. In the east, represented by forty-nine houses, there were 7,246 male visitors, 4,933 female, and 1,718 children, making a total of 13,897. The total for the 200 public-houses watched for the same three hours was 86,608 visitors. Following up this inquiry, they had made a small one as to the number of women visiting public-houses in the morning between the hours of ten and twelve; and last Monday twelve houses were watched near Tolmer Square, with the result of finding that as many as 1,250 women went to them between those hours.—The Chairman said they had heard these figures, and it was for them to say what their personal conduct was to be, and what they should urge on the legislature. These facts could not be put aside for a moment. At the present time the Government were inquiring into the condition and the housing of the poor. It was clear that the two inquiries were very much akin, and that it was almost impossible to separate them. He was quite ready to admit that the poor suffered by fluctuations in trade and from other causes, and was willing to call on the nation at large to give them a helping hand; but the man must be stone blind who did not know that a great deal of the distress and misery was due to intemperance. If we could stop this we should do more in the way of charity than by any munificence. No gifts of money could help the poor more than the sacrifice of their own personal gratification in this and other ways. An inquiry like this drink census touched directly on the most painful causes of the state of things they all deplored, and they

could not help considering what their part, as Christian men, should be in view of such facts as these. All ministers of the Gospel find nothing stand so much in their way in trying to reach the masses as this one great, terrible sin.—The Rev. Canon Fleming moved, 'That this conference, having had under its consideration the startling returns of the Saturday-night public-house census recently taken in each quarter of the metropolis, would urge upon the devout and earnest attention of all Christians the imperative necessity of personal abstinence from the use of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage.'

Now this meeting seems to me to give a very fair example of the general action of the total abstainers. They are thoroughly in earnest, and are determined to do something, but their method of proceeding is absolutely illogical. Their idea of subjecting public-houses to a minute inspection is a good one. But all they have really done is to get some very good statistics as to the amount of people who enter public-houses. What does this prove? Surely nothing more than this, that the public-houses supply a real want. They have no right to deduce any other consequence from these statistics. The argument that public-houses are objectionable because many people use them might be applied equally to any public building whatever. If they had proved how many of those who went came out the worse for drink—that would have been a valuable piece of evidence. Again, if they could have shown that most of those who entered merely stayed a short time, and that therefore their main object was drink, that also would have had a direct bearing on the question. But this they have not attempted: and yet what they now apparently wish is to urge on the legislature to suppress public-houses without attempting to provide any substitute. They would wish, I suppose, that these multitudes of people should stay quietly in their

homes. Is this possible? It may, of course, be argued that these people can go to coffee-palaces. But the coffee-palaces which I have seen so far are nothing but feeble imitations of public-houses. In size, accommodation, ventilation, means of recreation, and beverages, they are lamentably deficient. *When once a decent place of accommodation and recreation has been provided, the public-houses will be deserted.*

I now propose to examine the faults of the public-houses one by one, and to endeavour to show how they may be corrected.

(a.) The first fault of public-houses (one shared I believe by all other countries) is that *they are conducted for profit*. I can imagine no better object for charity than the establishment of places where proper accommodation might be provided for the working classes without any profit being made. Such a place, considering the enormous profits made by the present iniquitous system, would very soon make its way, and the profits would probably, in time, be large. These should be devoted, first, to increasing the comfort of the place, and secondly, to help to found similar establishments. Thus in time there might be attached to each public-house a room for non-smokers, a library, a reading-room, a public assembly room, &c., &c.

(b.) Secondly, no public-house should be allowed to exist where the principal room was not above a certain defined size, both as regards length, breadth, and height. I have some idea that there is a law to this effect now, but it is certainly never put into force. If such a law were made (or, if existing, put into force) nine-tenths of the present public-houses would cease to exist; and the existence of many small public-houses in one street (as is now often the case) would be rendered impossible.

(c.) Proper ventilation is also most important. By ventilation I mean the continual supply of fresh air *without a draught*. There are several

systems by any of which this could be done; while the electric light might also be with advantage introduced. At present the public-house is either intolerably hot, or cold and draughty; the former is more often the case, for the profit-seeking owner finds that *heat is an additional incentive to drinking.*

(d.) Everything should be done to avoid making drinking the attraction, both by banishing the bar altogether, and also by encouraging the sale of non-intoxicating liquors. (If any one were to enter an ordinary public-house at the present time, and ask for a cup of tea or coffee, he would be regarded as a lunatic; and his demand would probably be met with a roar of laughter.) Spirits should be absolutely excluded, and the beer should be both light and pure. As to this, I hope to say more further on. In connection with the subject of drinking I may, perhaps, suggest that some plan should be devised by which a man, by paying a trifling sum weekly or monthly, should be allowed to make use of the place as a club without being obliged to order anything for the good of the house.

(e.) As the public-house should be *par excellence* the club of the poor (men and women alike), the accommodation should be of a simple but comfortable kind, and the room should be tastefully furnished. The furnishing of such a room would be an excellent object for charity. Seats should be scattered freely up and down; probably the best method would be to have small tables with chairs around them, as in the cafés at Paris.

(f.) Lastly, great efforts should be made to render the public-house as bright and pleasant as possible. All the best papers and magazines should be taken in; and on holidays, such as Saturdays, entertainments, concerts, &c., should be given in the public hall attached to the building.

It may be urged that some such reform is certainly needed, but why include the beer? *Because without it you will not get the attendance of the*

moderate drinkers. Indeed, it is one of the chief mistakes of the Church of England Temperance Society, that they have put beer and spirits (in other words *temperance* and *excess*) under the same ban. For while the smallest quantity of spirits may produce the most dangerous effects, it is practically impossible to get drunk on undrugged beer alone. Indeed, beer, when pure, is both a wholesome and nourishing drink. The principal substitute that the teetotalers would offer is tea, which I cannot but think unsatisfactory. But the mistake of confounding beer and spirits is not confined to the temperance society. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his recent speech on the income-tax, said, "that if the duty on spirits was to be increased, he would not be a party to such a proposal unless a fair increase were made in the duty on beer." Now I believe, that from a commercial point of view, any increase of the tax on beer is most disastrous for the country; tending as it does to convert more corn-land into pasture-land, and thereby depopulating the agricultural districts. But, putting aside that view, the fact remains that while beer is almost as great a necessity for the poor man as tobacco, spirits are a dangerous luxury. Pure beer, on the other hand, is neither dangerous nor a luxury. Of course I am quite ready to admit that the beer at present drunk in many public-houses is a far from wholesome beverage: but surely that is only an additional reason for endeavouring to promote the use of beer of a better kind. That beer of such a kind can be made, is, I believe, perfectly certain. The lager beer, as drunk generally by the German nation, and sold in England, though at prohibitive prices, fulfils the requisite conditions. It is extremely light, extremely pure, and can, I believe, be made both easily and cheaply. A German gentleman has most kindly furnished me, after considerable labour, with the most ample particulars on the subject, of which I may be here

allowed to give some extracts. He writes: "The 'lager bier,' the almost common beverage all through Germany, contains about 1 cwt. of hops to 30 cwt. of malt, and 80 cwt. of water. The different quality of the water is said to exert a great influence upon the quality of the beer. Of course there are stronger beers brewed, as for instance in Bavaria, where the proportion of malt and the percentage of alcohol contained in it is much greater; there the percentage of alcohol comes to about five per cent., while in your English beer it is eight to ten per cent. I am told. Our people do not like English beer, because they cannot consume great quantities without getting inebriated, and their object is to drink a great deal, and to enjoy drinking for its own sake, without running the chance of even getting half tipsy." He also remarks that with lager beer, to reach even a state of partial intoxication, it requires ten to twelve to fifteen glasses; the price of a glass being fifteen pfennigs.

I had asked him the following four questions:—

1. Whether there was a law against adulteration of beer in Germany, and whether it was strictly enforced.

2. Whether there was a heavy tax upon beer.

3. Whether the beer depended much on the quality of the water; and whether such beer could be easily made in England.

4. Whether lager beer could be easily exported.

These he answers thus:—

1. There is a law concerning adulteration of beer, and it is strictly enforced. Breweries are fined occasionally for using bad ingredients.

2. The tax upon manufacture of beer is not a heavy one. Malt is taxed about the rate of two marks the hectolitre. There is no other tax.

3. The quality of the beer depends very much on the quality of the water,

but in what way I can hardly tell. That the same beer may be made in England admits of no doubt. In London there are a great many beer-houses where you get it.

4. Lager beer is exported to all parts of the world; but then it requires some particular kind of preparation, of which I cannot give you any particulars. I think it is the same thing as with porter and ale.

To this I may add, that the glass which costs fifteen pfennigs (1½d.) contains nearly a pint, so that its cheapness in Germany is evident. There seems no doubt therefore that if we follow the example of the German nation, a pure, light, and cheap beer can be made.

And now to sum up briefly the main points of my argument. I believe that *the remedy for drunkenness lies in the hands of the moderate drinkers*: and that, if they will but bestir themselves to provide decent places where the poor man may meet his friend without the temptation to get drunk, but at the same time with the power of drinking a glass of good, pure beer if he so wishes, the vice of drunkenness will die a natural death, without there being any necessity of appealing to the legislature. State control is always dangerous, and in this case the remedy can certainly be best administered by private exertion.

One thing is certain, that the places at present used for the leisure hours of the poor are a disgrace to the country; and it is the duty of teetotallers and moderate drinkers alike to see that proper places shall be provided, where the poor may be able to resort after their work without being made the prey of private gain. Whether beer shall be allowed there or not is a matter of secondary importance, except in so far as the question arises whether without it the poor will come at all.

R. E. MACNAGHTEN.

THE BATHS OF CASCIANA IN JULY.

ALL the *forestieri* (strangers) have flown north, for my countrymen have a knack of leaving Italy just before she is clothed in her full beauty. June, when it does not rain, is a lovely month; the hay has been got in, and the fields are all bright with fresh, green grass; the corn is turning golden yellow, and waiting for the 24th of June, before which day no well-thinking Tuscan—who all worship St. John, the protecting saint of Florence, most devoutly, chiefly, I believe, on account of the fireworks and fun which celebrate his day in the City of Flowers—ever thinks of reaping. Many a *baroccio*, piled high with openwork baskets and boxes full of yellow and rose-coloured cocoons, is met, going from the various *fattorie* or farms to the silk mills at Pecsia. The fireflies glint and glance all over the country, causing the moon to look pale, and in the daytime the *cicale* buzz and drum from every tree.

On the 1st of July we left Florence for Pontedera—a clean, prosperous little town on the Pisan line of railway—where we found a wonderful ramshackle carriage awaiting us. The *procaccia*, or carrier, of the Bagni di Casciana, imagined that English people could not stand the sun, and so had brought a kind of enormous square box on wheels, which went at a capital pace along the excellent road, as smooth as a bowling green, in the valley of the little river Era.

At the village of Ponsacco one leaves the high road and strikes up towards the hills. In old times Ponsacco was a fortified town, and in 1363 was taken, during the wars between Pisa and Florence, by the Florentines, after a desperate resistance. It reverted, however, to its old ruler, and in 1406 stood

another siege, and capitulated, with military honours, to Florence, which governed it mildly and increased its prosperity. But, according to the old proverb, "*Fiorentini ciechi, Pisan traditori, Senesi matti, Lucchesi signori*" (the Florentines are blind, the Pisans traitorous, the Sienese mad, and the Lucchese fine gentlemen), the Pisans sent a certain Ser Niccolò Piccinino to raise the population against their new masters, who were nearly all murdered. Florence, furious at this insult, marched with a large force against Ponsacco and again took it, after a tremendous fight. The Council of Pisa, many of whose members had possessions in the valley of the Era, called the Venetians to their aid and re-conquered the place. They, however, took the precaution of dismantling the fortress and throwing down the walls, and were left in quiet possession until the times of the Medici, when Ferdinando gave Ponsacco, with the fine Medicean villa of Camugliano, to the Marquis Filippo Niccolini, one of his devoted courtiers.

The fields are cultivated like a market garden, and the crops of corn, maize, hemp, flax, and vines were most luxuriant. The canes grew from eight to ten feet high, stout and vigorous, while the mulberry trees are all pollarded at four feet from the ground, and in many places formed hedges. We gradually rose to 500 feet above the sea, which is about twenty miles away, and one feels the influence of the sea-breeze in the delicious, cool, invigorating air. The banks and hedges were ablaze with wild roses, honeysuckle, a brilliant chrome-yellow chrysanthemum, large white convolvulus, and a mallow with mauve-pink flowers of most graceful growth.

A nine miles' drive through this laughing landscape brought us to the

Baths of Casciana, known to the Romans as a health-restoring place.

Bagno di Casciana is a small village with a piazza, where stands the Casino and a church, Sta. Maria de Aquis, which existed as a priory in 823; it has been, however, so often repaired that little of the ancient structure is left. In old times the place was called *Castrum de Aquis*, or *ad Aquas*, and afterwards *Bagni d'Acqui*, till some forty years ago its name was changed by an edict of the municipal council of Lari to *Bagni di Casciana*, thus coupling it with the little town of Casciana which is on the hill about two miles away, and whose inhabitants most cordially dislike the people of the Bagni, who return their hatred with interest.

Bagno d'Acqui (or di Casciana) is mentioned in various ancient documents, chiefly belonging to Volterra and to the Abbey of Morrona, which was founded in 1089 by Ugoccione, son of Count Guglielmo Bulgaro and of the Countess Cilia, and given to the order of the Camaldoli, together with all the land, streams, and aqueducts lying between the Sora and the Caldana. Twenty years after this the sons of Ugoccione increased the donation, and made over to the monks half of the land in the district of the Corte Aquisana, and "*Vivaja cum aquis and aqueductibus, etc.*;" so that the baths came into the possession of the Church in 1109. The convent of the Badia held this large extent of country until 1135, when the Abbot Gherardo sold to Uberto, Archbishop of Pisa, part of the hill, and the castle and district of Acqui called Vivaja. In 1148 Pope Eugenius III. confirmed Guidone, Abbot of Morrona, in all his privileges, and in the possession of what remained of the district of the Corte Aquisana, of the baths and aqueducts as far as the Cascina (*Balneum et aqueductus usque in Casinam*). In 1152 the Abbot Jacopo of Morrona sold the possessions of Montevaso and Montanino to the Archbishop of Pisa, to raise funds for

building the monastery of Morrona, which still exists, and in 1316 the Abbot Silvester d'Anghiari added the cloisters. The abbey church is of far more ancient date, and possesses a quaint picture, said to be anterior to Cimabue.

In 1482 the monastery was suppressed in spite of the opposition of the Camaldolese order, and all their possessions were bestowed on the bishops of Volterra, who had long hankered after them; they turned the monastery into a dwelling house and the church into a private oratory.

Popular tradition assigns the foundation of the baths to the famous Countess Mathilde, who, the country people say, was guided to the place by her pet hawk, who had lost his feathers, and regained them after dipping in the waters. In 1311 the Republic of Pisa ordered the baths to be re-built, and, with some modifications, they existed till seventeen years ago, when the present Casino and baths were erected. Formerly the men bathed in the basin of the warm spring itself, and from thence the water overflowed to the women's bath, losing a considerable portion of heat in the transit. The lepers' bath was further off, and last came a place for horses. The women rebelled against using the water after the men, and petitioned to be allowed to bathe all together, if a dress *per tutelare la decenza* (for the tutelage of decency) was worn. This was refused, but the basin where the mineral water comes bubbling up out of the earth, was divided in half by boards, and thus the women were placed on an equality with the men.

Now there are good baths of white marble, with an incessant stream of water direct from the spring always flowing, a doctor is in attendance, and the whole thing is comfortable and well arranged.

In the Archives of Florence there is a very amusing document, dated 7th September, 1575, and emanating from—

"Li Magnifici Signori Nove Conservatori della Jurisdizione et Dominio

Fiorentino," who were very irate at the disorder and inconvenience which arose because the inhabitants of Bagno ad Acqua did not observe the statutes drawn up, and had no care of the baths nor prevented the insolence practised by evil-minded persons, who went to the said baths more to air their caprices than for any need of curing aches and pains. The said magistrates, seeing that the Divine Majesty and nature had bestowed such a treasure on their dominion as these most salubrious baths, desire that all men should aid in maintaining them unsullied from every kind of evil custom and insolence practised by the aforesaid people, who only sought amusement, &c.

The ancient tower, part of which is still inhabited by poor people, at Petraja, as the upper portion of Bagno di Casciana is called, was doubtless part of the Castello di Acqui, chief centre of the district Corte Aquisana, which existed in 1090, before which date no records exist, they having perished in a fire, following a pestilence which occurred about that time.

One skirts round the cluster of small cottages surrounding the old tower, on the winding road from Bagno di Casciana up to the ruin of the castle of Parlascio on the summit of the hill. It is a good climb, but the road is, as usual, excellent. Leaving Vivaja on the right, a quaint little hillock, on which stood a church which was utterly destroyed by the earthquake of 1846, one passes under some fine chestnut and cherry trees. The undergrowth is fern and heather, and the yellow tiger lilies glowed in the broken sun-light.

Parlascio is a huge bluff of rock, rising sheer out of the hill. On a plateau near the summit is a little church and three or four cottages. A marble head with a Gothic inscription is let into the wall on the right hand of the church door, and on the other a long Gothic inscription surrounds a small bas-relief of a bishop. As a handsome *contadina* told me :—

"Ah! poverini, sono morti tanti anni fa; erano sacerdoti."

("Ah! poor things, they died many years ago; they were priests.")

The view from the platform of rock on which the little church stands is magnificent. To the left Monte Moro, behind which lies Leghorn, stands out black against the sky; and the sea, with here and there a white sail glinting in the sun, stretches far away. Pisa, with the Carrara mountains behind, lies in the soft green plain, and in front is a curious, broken landscape, rounded, waterwashed hillocks, each crowned by a grey townlet with its tall campanile; the haze caused by the heat made the whole land look like a large opal. The nearest grey town is Morrona, standing on the peak of a hill, near which, further along the ridge, lies the Abbey, now the villa of a rich Livornese. To the far right Volterra rears her weather-beaten towers to the sky, perched on the extreme edge of a high hill like an eagle's nest.

Behind the church a steep little path leads up to the summit of the ancient castle of Parlascio, whose ruins are now covered by a vineyard. All memory of its history has vanished from among the peasantry, and I could find no mention of it prior to the thirteenth century in the archives of the Abbey of Morrona. Over the door of the church is an inscription, saying that it was consecrated on the 26th May, 1444 (Pisan style), and built by the Counts of Upezzinghi of Pisa, lords of the castle.

We skirted the top of a long ridge of hills and drove through, or rather round, Casciana to Lari, the seat of the pretor, or magistrate, and of the municipal council, and chief place of the commune. Lari is a nice little town, perched on the top of a hill; and out of the centre of the market place rises a quadrangular castle, built of red brick. The massive walls, rising at an acute angle, stand frowning some hundred feet above one, perfectly smooth—no bastion, no tower breaks, the line.

In 1067 Lari is mentioned in a judicial sentence given at Pisa as a Corte and castle of Gottfredo, Marchese di Toscana. It must then have become Pisan, as the people of Lari took part in the rising against the Republic of Pisa in 1164, who sent a small army to enforce obedience. In 1230 the Upezzinghi retired there from their possession of Mazzagamboli, and it is believed that they built the first castle on the summit of the hill, afterwards considerably enlarged and strengthened. It appears that they made over to the Archbishop of Pisa all their rights over Lari, for in 1375 the inhabitants deliberated that it was most inconvenient to hire a house every six months for the Captain of the Colle Pisane, or Pisan Hills, who came to distribute justice, so they determined to buy a residence for that purpose.

Lari and its dependencies came into the possession of the Republic of Florence in 1406, at the same time as Pisa; but for a long period the Grand Dukes of Tuscany paid a small annual tribute to the Pisan Archbishop. The governors of Lari after that time were called *Vicario*, and the first Florentine who held the office was Angelo di Giovanni da Uzzano.

On the south side of the castle a flight of ninety-five steps leads up to the gateway of the courtyard; half-way is a large cistern, hollowed out of the rock, decorated with the Pitti and Della Scala arms, made in 1448 for the public benefit. The courtyard is very picturesque, an old well is at one end, and the walls of the houses are covered with escutcheons and coats-of-arms of the various *Vicarii*. Several famous Florentine names are there, their arms done in Della Robbia ware and surrounded by the well-known wreaths of fruit and flowers. Rinuccini, Peruzzi, Capponi and Della Stufa recalled the supremacy of the old Republic; and above all were the balls of the Medici, ever-present on anything grand or interesting in Tuscany.

It is recorded that, in 1414, the

Vicario Niccolo di Roberto Davanzati ancestor of Bernardi, whose translation of Tacitus is celebrated, reformed the communal statutes. In 1523 Jacopo di Bongiann Gianfigliuzzi was the *Vicario*, and at a later date the following maccheronic lines were inscribed under his escutcheon:—

"Ero casa caduca, abietta e vile,
Minacciavo rovina ad ogni vento,
In me non era loggia nè cortile,
Ma ogni cosa piena di spavento.
Or surgo come casa signorile,
Non fu dal ciel favor mai tardo o lento,
Per grazia d'esso nobil Gianfigliazzo,
Di vil tugurio divenuto palazzo."

("I was a fallen house, abject and vile,
Threatening ruin with every wind;
I possessed no colonnade, nor courtyard,
And everything was full of horror.
Now I rise like a noble house,
Ne'er did the favour of Heaven come too late.
By your grace, noble Gianfigliazzo,
From a vile hole I became a palace.")

The writer of this must have overlooked the distich under the Della Robbia arms of Bartolomeo Capponi, who was *Vicario* in 1525:—

"Temporis et muri sævas subituras ruinas
Transtulit intutum signa benignus amor.
Qui struxit fastu longe, remotis ab omni
Nomine Capponius Bartholomeus erat."

("With great love he rendered safe these walls, which threatened instant ruin. Bartholomew Capponi, for such was his name, was the man who had this thought, without seeking for fame.")

In 1524 Alessandri di Pietro di Mariotto was *Vicario*, and his arms are repeated on a most lovely altarpiece by Luca Della Robbia in the little chapel. It represents the Virgin and Child and an angel, and is surrounded by a splendid garland of flowers and fruit. The garrulous old *custode* showed us the prisons—very ghastly places—and then, opening a postern door, took us to an outside walk all around the top of the castle walls. We then saw that the houses in the courtyard were mere shells, only containing one room in depth, and we looked down the dizzy height into the tortuous streets below, and beyond

over the sunny plain at Pisa, whose leaning tower could be distinctly seen.

Sun-dials are frequent on the farm-houses, and some had most poetical conceits written around or over them. Profoundly sad is:—

"Segno le ore sì, ma non piu quelle"
("I mark the hours, 'tis true, but no longer those gone by").

"Per i felice ed i tristi, segno ugualmente le ore" ("For the happy and the sad, I equally mark the hours"), is also pretty, but less original and terse.

Next day we drove through Soianella and Soiana up to Morrone, a grey, old-world, weather-beaten place, with no traces of its ancient splendour left. Under the walls of Soiana Pier Capponi fell—the contemporary and friend of Savonarola, and one of the most strenuous defenders of Florentine liberties against the Medici. He is famous for his answer to Charles VIII. of France, who tried to conquer Florence, and to obtain from her large sums of money when on his road to Naples in 1493. To the threats of the King, Pier Capponi proudly replied:—

"Voi suonerete le vostre trombe, noi suoneremo le nostre campane."
("You may sound your trumpets, we will sound our bells.")

The fortifications have long since vanished, but these small villages are picturesque enough, the stairs being outside the houses, and various small *loggie* and balconies making deep patches of shade, where the inhabitants sit at their work. The views were magnificent, particularly from the high platform on which stands the small church of Morrone, rising some 500 feet above the plain, built where in ancient times stood the castle.

Geologically, the whole country is extremely interesting; here and there blue grey cliffs rise perpendicularly, apropos to nothing at all, 100 or more feet out of the red earth, and the roads are in some places formed of the remains of huge oyster shells and queer fossils. The *contadini* are pleasant and civil in manner, delighted to tell one the names of the various villages and

towns, and evidently unused to visitors. Our advent at Morrone caused quite a commotion, and, as we stood near the church, admiring the panoramic view, I had a circle of small children sitting on their heels, staring open-mouthed, while their mothers smiled and hoped I did not mind such bad manners. "È un gran divertimento per loro" ("It is a great amusement for them").

Some of the girls are strikingly beautiful—very dark, with jet-black hair, fine eyes, and delicate features. The men, too, are good looking, and have small and curiously round heads. They have a frank, nice way about them, and, though terribly poor, will show the very little there is to see in their villages with a graceful kindness of manner quite deprecating the idea of being paid for their trouble.

From Morrone we went on to Terricciola, a clean townlet with houses which had once seen better days. The church, a fine red-brick building, has been spoiled, and they were adding a chapel on to one side and destroying the little that was left of the old building. The piazza and the church occupy the site of the ancient castle, which was taken and re-taken several times during the wars between Florence and Pisa. Over the door of the sacristan's cottage was built into the wall the front of rather a fine Etruscan Cinerary urn, with a reclining female figure above, and "un Pagano con animali" ("a Pagan with animals"), as the old man carefully explained it to be, underneath, which had been dug up there long ago.

From Terricciola we descended a winding road into the valley of the Cascina, and skirted the base of the bare, water-washed hill on which stands the monastery of Morrone, an enormous square edifice built around a courtyard, with some fine trees near it. The olives grow to a large size all over this part of Tuscany, the tufa soil suiting them well. There is a tradition that an underground pas-

sage connects the monastery with the Villa of San Marco, the residence of the bishop of the diocese. All the country around is tunnelled with caves, and at Terricciola the farmers still keep their grain in the old *buche di grano*, or corn cisterns, hollowed out of the rock. The stone-cutters, whose name is legion, have a way of breaking the stone into long slabs, used as supports to the *pergole* of vines, which I never saw before. They cut a slight channel in the stone and insert flakes of iron; between these are placed wedges, and then the man gives little taps with a hammer, very much as though he were playing on a gigantic *gigliera*, to the long row of wedges. On a sudden the stone gives a hollow sigh and starts asunder. Petrified shells and plants are of frequent occurrence in the rock, and some are very fine.

Reaping is also different here from other parts of Tuscany. The *contadini* cut off the ears of corn with a sickle in small handfuls, leaving two or three feet of straw standing, which is afterwards mown with scythes. An old peasant, seeing me watch his operations, ceased work for a moment, and, with a twinkle in his eye, quoted, like a true Tuscan who knows and loves his old proverbs—

La sa, Signora, "Quando il grano è ne' campi,
È di Dio e de' Santi."

("You know, ma'am, when the corn is in the field, it belongs to God and the saints.")

The *contadini* work hard; in the fields at daylight—they often do not return home till nine in the evening; and we met women and young girls staggering under huge loads of green grass, cut on the hills and carried down on their heads, after the day's work, to sell for a few centimes in the village. This habit of carrying jars of water, baskets of fruit, and bundles of fodder on the head, gives the *contadine* an easy, graceful walk, recalling the peculiar swing of the Arab women. The men just now look very

spruce and neat, as a new straw hat and, if possible, a new shirt, is "the thing" before reaping. The women never wear hats; they tie a handkerchief under the chin, and pull it over their eyes like a hood, folding another several times thick on the top of their heads, to keep off the sun.

To the east of Bagno di Casciana, on the Colle Montanine, rises a steep hill, called the "Rocca della Contessa Mathilde," and of course said to have been one of her castles. It is rather fatiguing to get at, as, after a two miles' drive up hill, one has to walk another mile and a half up a rough road to the foot of the "Rocca," which rises like half a huge apple out of the very top of the line of hills. The view from the summit was magnificent; for forty miles and more one sees the country on every side, and while we were standing entranced with the landscape, an inky-black cloud suddenly swept up from no one knew where, and blotted Volterra entirely out of sight, while the thunder growled ominously, and the wind rose. It was a most impressive sight, particularly when suddenly the clouds rolled asunder and a flash of lightning shot as straight as a plummer's line down to the earth. We expected a drenching, but the storm disappeared as quickly as it had risen, and after inspecting the remains of two small round towers, a wall about three feet high with traces of a curtain wall beyond, and settling in our own minds that the great countess certainly never lived in such an eagle's nest, we wended our way down hill to the carriage. One does not see a human creature all the way; the only sign of civilisation was a pile of sacks filled with oak bark, awaiting the donkeys who alone could face such a path. The butterflies are numerous and very beautiful. There was a large orange fellow flitting about whose wings faded off to lemon yellow; another, very big, was the colour of a magpie's wing, blue-black shot with green; and one was very odd, as it seemed to fly

the wrong way, having two tails to the hind wings which looked like antennæ. I am afraid my description is most unscientific; all I noticed was the great variety of butterflies and moths, and their colours, so gorgeous in the brilliant sunlight.

Bagni di Casciana can be reached also from Fauglia, on the Maremma line, about the same distance as Pontedera, but a more hilly drive. Fauglia is a bright, clean place, with fine villas and country-houses in and near it. A picturesque old church on the outskirts of the town, stands on the very end of a small hill; its elegant campanile, rather Lombard in style, is fast going to ruin, having been struck by lightning and shaken by the earthquake of 1846. From Fauglia one descends through a gorge clothed with stunted oak, chestnut, and nut copse; fern, tall Mediterranean heather, gum cistus and anisette forming the undergrowth, with the familiar yellow broom and gorse, into the valley of the Tara, a small, brawling stream, crossed by a good bridge. From there begins a three-mile hill, up a capital road, across a queer, bare country, with great fissures and rents in it, as though it had been torn with a large rake. Much land has been reclaimed and put under vine-cultivation. The waste land is overgrown with lentisk and wild myrtle, which scented the warm air and glittered in the bright sun. Larks innumerable arose as we drove along, hovering like large moths high in the air, and singing aloud. To the right, lying on the slope of the hill, is the old castle of Gello Mattacino, lately restored and inhabited. There are records of a church there in the archives of Lucca as early as 764, and the castle used to be called Gello delle Colline, or, "of the hills," until a Florentine, Alessandro di Matteocini, bought it, and gradually his name was given to the castle and lands. A short dip brings us near to Casciana, and

then another hill, into the Parlascio road, whence we bowled merrily down to the Baths.

Horses and carriages are good and wonderfully cheap. We had a capital mare, an open pony chaise which would have held four, and paid at the rate of fivepence a mile; the houses are fairly comfortable, and the chief administrator of the baths, Dr. Rimediotti, is most courteous and kind. We found the mineral baths quite as efficacious as Aix-les-Bains, and witnessed some really marvellous cures of rheumatism, gout, and paralysis. For the information of any medical reader I give an analysis of the waters, done by a competent chemist:—

IN 300 LITRES.

	Cubic centimètres.
Nitrogen	444,010
Carbonic acid	967,770

SALINE MATTERS, &c.

	Grammes.
Sulphate of lime	523.17
Carbonate of lime	100.35
Carbonate of magnesia	6.96
Carbonate of iron	1.02
Sulphate of magnesium	90.48
Sulphate of sodium	127.80
Chloride of sodium	7.80
Chloride of magnesia	5.40
Ammonium	0.45
Silica	11.55
Alumina	2.46
Organic matter	0.63
Residium of complex composition	878.07

	Litres.
Pure water	299.12
Density	1,003.02

Traces of lithia.

The water is quite limpid, and has a peculiarly soft feeling; the skin feels almost slimy after remaining some time in the bath, and is stained slightly red, owing, I suppose, to the iron.

The maximum temperature of the water is 35°-20 (Centigrade); the minimum 33°-90.

JANET ROSS.

LOCAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGES.

THOSE whose interest in education is keen have watched with no little anxiety the efforts made to provide London with a university which shall be a teaching corporation as well as an organisation of examiners. The movement is being made none too soon. The reproach that London University can do nothing but examine is only true enough to set one thinking; we must not be allowed to under-estimate the immense part played by systems of examination in directing study and teaching into this channel or that.

There is one result of incalculable value likely to come out of the establishment of a London teaching university; the university as at present constituted is in sore need of being saved from itself. Teachers engaged in arming students with weapons to face the attacks of London examiners know only too well how difficult it is to make such preparation thorough enough to promise any result worth welcoming in the shape of general intellectual strength and suppleness. A university that both teaches and examines soon finds this fact out; and the older universities and those younger corporations which have formed themselves on matured models have recognised it by increasing the number of subjects a candidate *may* take, whilst reducing the number he needs *must*.

But some such change in the methods of the London organisation will be welcome not only to schoolmasters, who deal with a very plastic material, capable of receiving, if not retaining long, many diverse impressions. The boon would also immensely lighten the heavy burden that weighs down and weakens the younger provincial colleges and embryo universities that are

struggling up the educational mountain. I propose in the following notes to call attention to the important relation borne by these institutions to the intellectual and industrial progress of this country, and to the peculiar difficulties with which they have to contend.

Two main tendencies have contributed to their foundation and development. First of all, the University of London offered its valuable certificate to a very large class of students who, owing to unfulfillable conditions of residence or tests, were debarred from the degrees conferred by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Young men were able to take the first grade university examinations—for matriculation—after a sufficiently comprehensive cramming at the various high schools in London and in the large provincial towns; their passage through the subsequent stages they had, for the most part, to manage for themselves. The particular defects attributed to this system everybody knows. No doubt the London University can claim as graduates many men of more than ordinary mark; but *post hoc* is, of course, not *propter hoc*, and perhaps the system dear to London has only failed to spoil them.

But besides this mass of unorganised and unattached intelligence, which London has sealed to itself, partly welcoming as existing, partly calling into existence, there has sprung up of late years another body of students, who in their turn are obeying a natural impulse in seeking some systemisation and organising bond; these are the nondescript elements of intellectual life for which provision has been sought in the various working schemes of university extension. University exten-

sion was a very natural and much-needed movement, if only for the purpose of supplying England with some—even itinerant—institution at all comparable with the university systems of most other advanced European nations. When the German Empire contains twenty-four universities, Austria nine, and Switzerland five, surely England has not yet her fair share.

The classes attending instruction under the university extension scheme include, besides genuine students to whom books and book-labour are themselves subjects of real interest, many middle-class *dilettanti*, to whom the lectures are often merely a means of relaxation; often young women of leisure, who are past school age and yet are loath to rust in unbookish domesticity; sometimes these are supported by the presence of older ladies, to whom a lecture often supplies a form of intellectual amusement from which physical infirmity or active life ordinarily separates them.

Now, in any generous scheme of middle-class education, none of these, for various reasons, can well be left out of account. The man or woman whose bread will have more or less butter, according to success in some examination for a certificate; the intelligent reader who would fain get the guidance of some person more experienced than himself; the young man or woman who has carried out of school some respect for great books and the rarer quality of intellectual activity; even the older people whose eyes are not good, or who crave some literary or scientific discourse by double way of reminder and rest—none of these may be forgotten. And in these days we have also to deal with a more difficult and exacting person than all these—the working man with his hundred heads, who would be a much more tractable creature for education to tackle if only he knew himself what he lacked.

To account for all these is the terribly various task of the provincial

university college. The professor here cannot, like his brother tutor at Oxford or Cambridge, confine himself to looking over text-books, calling attention to valuable notes, correcting exercises at his leisure, and sometimes not passing beyond the curriculum prescribed by his own university. The provincial professor has indeed to prepare many of his men and women for examinations, but he probably has to keep in view not one or two, but a dozen different examinations. London itself will provide him with at least three, the matriculation, the intermediate, and the final B.A. examinations; and he will have students reading for the same stage, but for different dates of examination, and therefore taking different subjects, or at all events, reading at a different pace. In this way he may have to hold two different matriculation classes, two classes for the help of intermediate students, and an indefinite number for those taking the highest stages.

But besides the London contingent, he will probably have to shape his course so as to keep in sight a certain number of aspirants who are presenting themselves for this or that local examination, senior or junior; here and there a candidate for a Civil Service appointment; and not unfrequently young men who have left school, and still want gentle help up to the standard of matriculation required at the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge.

Without doubt, too, there will be a certain number of persons, engaged in teaching during the day, who come to classes in their dinner-hour at mid-day, or to the night classes; for it must be understood that one of the most important features of the work of these colleges is the holding of classes during the winter evenings.

In many respects these students are the most satisfactory and, not unfrequently, the most intelligent of all—as, to be sure, we should expect in the case of people engaged in teaching others. As a rule, they belong to public elementary schools, and apply

themselves to this extra work, because the School Boards supply better posts to those who can produce the highest certificates of proficiency in learning. Although most people are beginning to be satisfactorily aware of the truth that a man may carry a high degree and yet be an inefficient teacher, School Boards in large towns, to whom the fact is of vital importance, are among the last to recognise it and carry its lessons into practice. A little less examining, however, a little less driving to secure a good return in marks and passes, a little more time allowed to the unfortunate teachers to add to his or her stock of knowledge, would not seriously injure schools under their charge, if, indeed, it would not bring them to the fulfilment of their daily tasks with more healthy vigour of body and soul.

Occasionally an over-worked and over-inspected elementary teacher is found venturesome enough to scale the heights of learning for the sake of the finer air he hopes to breathe there, rather than for the "decoration" which is the load-star of most climbers. This, however, is to be the spirit of *all* elementary schoolmasters in the happy future awaiting them, under the results of Mr. Mundella's efforts for their improvement. The right honourable gentleman is reported to have said at the first annual meeting of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, "that he agreed there should be an opportunity for the transition of the accomplished teacher to a higher position than the elementary schools, and he had done the best he could to open out a career for the elementary teacher. . . . the elementary teacher should have a better training and larger and more liberal education than he had received up to the present; he should come more into contact with university men, and he should obtain some of the advantages which the universities of this country and of Scotland could afford for the services of the teacher." In the meantime it would be well if the Committee of Council

on Education could see its way to shortening the hours exacted unnecessarily from elementary teachers for the sake of getting high percentages of classes, and if it could allow and encourage them to use without loss to their own pockets the educational appliances ready to their hands in the local university colleges.

In certain centres, it is found that these local colleges are useful additions to the teaching capabilities of institutions specially theological. At Firth College, for instance, an important Congregationalist college, thirty minutes distant by rail, gets its classics, modern languages, science, and mathematics; and a local college of the New Connection Methodists sends its students there for classics. How much this means can really be understood only by those whose work brings them into close contact with men who are preparing for ministerial appointments in dissenting bodies. As a rule, of course, theological colleges belonging to the Church of England are mostly of old foundation, and in possession of endowed wealth that enables them to provide within their own walls for the arts training of their men. But outside these latter it is very hard to find any great excellence even in the dead languages among students of theology. The sceptre is certainly in the hands of the Church. It is hardly necessary to point out—for reasons which it is not the purpose of this paper to examine—that most of the clergy of the Established Church are drawn from classes of higher social status than the ministers of dissenting bodies, and the most obvious consequence of this is, that candidates for admission into dissenting ministries are less well drilled in classics, as in other things, than candidates for ordination in the National Church—some less than others. To such men local colleges bid fair to be of the utmost use; at all events they should there find their sympathies and culture considerably quickened. The professors at such colleges are mostly men from Oxford

or Cambridge, who very probably have a wholesome faith in the methods and traditions of the old homes of learning to which they are themselves indebted, and it is natural that they should try to reproduce these under the altered conditions required in busy manufacturing towns.

Some of the theological students, I have said, present themselves already better equipped for work than others. Indeed the greatest possible variety exists. In the first place, connection differs from connection; in one you will have men of a clearly higher social grade than in another, and for teaching purposes this must often be taken to determine their intellectual standard as well. The conditions under which men are selected must naturally result in most striking contrasts in regard to intellectual qualifications. The first recommendation of a candidate for a license is the power to preach, and there will be no suspicion of irony in the reminder that great mental polish is not necessary to a fervent and effective preacher. Now, to meet such cases as these, most local colleges have found it necessary to form classes for persons wishing to begin at the very beginning, with *poëtra* and *mensa* themselves; and here the teacher is met with a very curious and serious difficulty. He is sure to have in his class two or three—may be more—with whom the beginning is at the beginning in very truth; they have to be accustomed to the altogether (to them) strange fact of accidental and syntactic differentiation of languages. Boys who begin to learn Latin and Greek when very young are never troubled with this difficulty, or, if it occurs, as it may perhaps somewhere in the vague wonder-world of youth, it is not noticed and passes away. But a grown man, just being introduced to the study, cannot be expected to apprehend idiomatic difference without great mental effort, and the more conscientious he is, the greater will his difficulties be. This notable fact will go far to explain the greater readiness

and plasticity which distinguishes such people as the Welsh. Accustomed to differences of idiom owing to the necessities of bilingual life, to them the apprehension of a new language is nothing more than another acquisition in a series of similar mental efforts; it is not an effort quite different from everything else in their mental experience. For like reasons, Board School examiners have observed how much more easily languages are acquired and their theories mastered by the children of the great Jewish settlement in the east of London. Most of these are of German or Polish origin, and many know something more of Hebrew than is necessary for the understanding of their copious daily prayers; therefore English or any other language is easily acquired.

In considering the relations of these colleges to national education, we must first note the important bearing of "founders' intentions." Most of the founders had it in their minds to do something for the great mass of middle-class people who were (they supposed) craving for the light of learning. There must be very many men, thought they, who will gladly attend, at all events, evening classes in physical and moral science, in modern or "dead" languages. It is not found, I imagine, that these sanguine and kindly hopes have been generally fulfilled. In the institution with which the writer of this article is most familiar, such students have been conspicuously few. We may not say, as the late Mr. W. R. Greg would probably have said, that such is the case because that kind of fool, with the zealous clerk who studied Cocker in the evening, is dying out. He never really flourished in any great abundance; nor has the wise man of the "middle-class" given study a sufficiently serious trial to justify his consigning it, with other vanities, to the fools. The conspicuous few known to the writer have certainly not addled their brains, after the probable fashion of Mr. Greg's clerk; indeed, the regular though little

time devoted to study has given them, as might have been expected, pleasant relaxation, with the additional grace and advantage that, being pursued for its own sake and for no material gain, it has brought the appropriate gifts of knowledge and refinement. But these, I say, are the few, the very few. The tradesman will certainly not spend many of his evenings at the local college, and the working man is even less likely to do so. In the first place, many employments are so exhausting that mental strain out of working hours would do much more harm than good; and this surmise is well borne out by the fact that a far greater number of working men and women present themselves in districts where the work is more sedentary than in districts, like Sheffield, where the staple industries tax physical strength to the utmost. It may be very safely laid down that the several local colleges will find their working-men students fewer in proportion to the "heaviness" of the local trades, and that of students who do come from the working classes there will rarely be many from the heaviest crafts. The class of small shopkeepers and others who have sundry opportunities of looking into books, generally produces a few good students; for, odd as it may seem, here and there an English shopkeeper *will* sometimes filch a few minutes from his counter, like the Mussulman tradesman who says his prayers in the intervals of rest that occur in the process of bargaining with an obstinate customer.

Of course there are many other points to be considered in relation to the question as it affects technical teaching: this subject has its special difficulties. Let us for the present see under what conditions the local colleges bring the best gifts of the old universities to those who cannot go to the fountain-heads.

It may be expected that local colleges are not without their enemies, and these are of two chief kinds. Before all, the part of enemy has not

unfrequently been played by friends. Founders themselves have occasionally dealt hardly with their foundations. We saw above the various classes of persons to whom the university colleges were to bring help, but we have not yet considered the subjects which such institutions were to teach. The university lecturers under the university extension schemes of course taught what the university had taught them; a very large part, therefore, of the lecturing was on "literary" subjects. Many local colleges, accordingly, the foundation of which was suggested by the success of the extension lecturers, determined to make provision for the continuance of such teaching, and to extend the privilege of being taught to Latin and Greek, as subjects not without some literary interest. But at least one important local institution was founded "to the exclusion of mere literary education and instruction," and accordingly Latin and Greek were without further ceremony refused recognition in the college "courses." But it was at last discovered that Latin and Greek had other claims besides those peculiar to literary antiquities, and now (except when the instruction is entirely technical) Latin and Greek are taught in every college.

One of the most obstinate foes of these institutions is occasionally the employer of labour, who is irritated to think that culture, which he himself may have acquired unaided, should be offered at so low a price to his workmen. If we dismiss this kind of opponent at once from consideration we shall give him no less than his deserts; he may go with those who discourage elementary education out of terror lest there should be no one, at the end of time, left to black their boots. The stars in their courses fight on the other side; facts and natural laws are against them. It is satisfactory to note that where the education of employes has been actively and systematically promoted by managers, employers have often been demonstrably the richer for it.

But the lukewarmness and even active opposition of workmen themselves is a much more serious matter. Efforts have been made on behalf of local colleges in sundry places to win the sympathy of the trades unionists, or rather of their guiding spirits. It might naturally be supposed that these societies would understand their own interests to be bound up with the interests of the education of their class, and that whatever advantage they might gain would remain theirs only so long as they knew how to keep it. But no; they regard university colleges for the most part as gift horses of more than uncertain mouths; the Greeks may bring gifts, but your Trojans will have none of them.

For what does not appreciably and at once affect their stomachs or their pockets the stolid and ignorant care not at all; the wiseacres, for their part, shrewdly suspect that they have here merely cunningly-contrived engines of secret oppression.

In a certain institution, with the working of which the writer of these notes is familiar, an energetic principal thought it well to invite the heads of the local trades' unions to a conference for the purpose of securing their interest with their fellows on behalf of the local college. In the course of conversation he pointed out the possible value of lectures on English history to workmen whose intelligent co-operation indicated, he thought, an inquiring spirit. But the sages shook their heads, and their spokesman pointed out "that there had already been too much English history, and that it was all going to be undone." This was not promising, and, indeed, the conference was followed by a corresponding result—nothing.

I may be allowed to call attention to the following abstract from the *Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction* (vol. i. page 525) to show how the commissioners were struck by the apathy of the working classes. "Your commissioners fear that the belief in the efficacy of train-

ing of this *highest* character is, in England, at present, small amongst those whom it will ultimately benefit; and yet there are few countries in which so many investigations have been made, the practical bearings of which were not at the outset apparent, but which have in the end led to the most important practical results. The discovery by Faraday of magneto-electricity, and by Joule of the mechanical equivalent of heat, at once occurred as examples. The Englishman is accustomed to seek for an immediate return; and has yet to learn that an extended and systematic education up to and including the methods of original research, is now a necessary preliminary to the fullest development of industry. It is, amongst other elements of progress, to the gradual but sure growth of public opinion in this direction that your commissioners look for the means of securing to this country in the future, as in the past, the highest position as an industrial nation."

The founders of most local colleges seem to have fallen into the very great error of not interesting the people themselves in the work as proprietors. Generous men have lavished large sums on buildings without coming directly to the people they wish chiefly to benefit, and asking them to share in the work by sparing some little from their own pockets. This has been a great mistake, and the mistake lies just in the point that the "lower" classes have been allowed to regard these institutions as eleemosynary, as free gifts from their betters. It has never been properly made clear to them, for some reason or other, that though the gifts are mostly free gifts yet they are merely encouragements to them to help themselves. Let them be asked to contribute ever so little. Men love nothing so well as what they spend their pains and money on.

In England, unfortunately, we cannot appeal to any keen national sentiment of competition in the matter of education; Wales is luckier. Not

only can it, in the interests of education, make successful raids on the public purse, but it justifies itself by producing ready money itself for the same wise end. The quarrymen of Penrhyn found scholarships; bursaries are made up out of farthing subscriptions.

Human nature is differently, and perhaps better understood in Holland than in England and Wales, or even France and Belgium. In Holland there is positively no room for the scholars at the evening classes in most of the great towns. The Dutch authorities, however, make their students pay 13s. 4d. per semester, as they think "that the pupils place a greater value on the instruction for which they have to pay."

It will be very readily understood that there is no local university college that does not make provision for technical education, adapted in each case to supply the best possible help to the industries of the districts served. One would think that in these days there is hardly need of demonstration to prove the value of such teaching in a country whose prosperity depends on the excellence of its manufactures; but all speakers and writers on the subject of technical education in England must needs take up the apologetic or justificatory tone, for in this country the recommendations of technical teaching have yet to meet with adequate success.

We may not be unfamiliar with reflections on the evils effected by machinery, but, machinery or no, we must understand machinery, and understand well, if we are to live; moreover, other things are taught in technical schools besides the construction and manipulation of machines. If industrial processes are to be improved, they must be understood; and rule of thumb has done its best. It is not unusual to hear rule of thumb extolled, and therefore it is not out of place here to reckon the prejudice it embodies as a serious difficulty in the way of technical schools in districts

where one might have looked for better things. Manufacturers of the "old school" assert that rule of thumb has done well enough for them, and must serve for their children; but less than a generation will be needed to show that it is a rival ill-fitted to contend with modern science. Bradford, for instance, is well to the fore in technical teaching, and the Royal Commissioners saw there "merinos manufactured and finished in this country, which would bear comparison in texture and in colour with the best of those of the French looms and dye-houses," and, "in the delicate fabrics of Nottingham and Macclesfield (*thanks, in great measure, to their local school of art*) we no longer rely on France for designs" (vol. i. page 507). This is very strong testimony, and those who are most confident of the value of the old methods will do well to remember that the prosperity which has made the wealth of England famous, is not due merely to the excellence of the work done, but in very large measure to a number of economic and physical conditions which are now the property of all our rivals, because of the very facilities of intercourse which our good luck and enterprise have placed at the world's disposal.

On the other hand, there is a reasonable apprehension in the mind of the employer of labour that in promoting the cause of technical education he is pickling a rod for his own back. There is justice in this; ultimately, no doubt, the best man will win. But little is gained by barring the progress of rational improvement if one of the inevitable effects of such attempts is to leave the market in the hands of the foreign producer. Peter, to be sure, is robbed, but Paul is still unpaid. The obviously best plan is, of course, not to be last in the race, and our continental friends seem to be well alive to it, for the Royal Commissioners already quoted "cannot repeat too often that they have been impressed with the general intelligence and technical knowledge of the masters

and managers of industrial establishments on the Continent. They have found that these persons, as a rule, possess a sound knowledge of the sciences upon which their industry depends. They are familiar with every new scientific discovery of importance, and appreciate its applicability to their special industry. They adopt not only the inventions and improvements made in their own country, but also those of the world at large—thanks to their knowledge of foreign languages and of the conditions of manufacture prevalent elsewhere." At Wurtemberg the Commissioners found that employers take so much interest in the night-schools that they are supplied with registers of attendance to see whether their apprentices are diligently "improving themselves." Employers and parents gladly co-operate to secure the attendance of the apprentices, and when one absents himself without due cause, the employer expects to be informed of the fact.

There is yet another direction in which local university colleges are doing work which ought to be useful, though it is odd that the facts are by no means always readily recognised in quarters to which one would have naturally looked for instant approbation. The giving of "popular lectures" at nominal charges for admission has, in many places, been a very great success. The local institution is often fortunate enough to secure the honorary services of distinguished men of science or letters, and in some towns these lectures for the people have attracted huge crowds. Elsewhere, owing, without doubt, to local causes, the lectures have been given to audiences in which the working-class element has been so small as to have been conspicuous. In some towns there is a kind of tradition that makes lecture-going a popular amusement; in others, those who would be most welcome at popular lectures, the people, are notoriously shy.

It has suggested itself to some persons actively engaged in organis-

ing such matters that from religious teachers and preachers of the people, local university colleges do not always receive the support to which they are fairly entitled, considered merely as adjuncts and aids to the reforming work of the clergy. This is by no means entirely the fault of the clergy themselves. In some cases, perhaps, the courtesies due to the old custodians of national education have not been remembered, and the necessary exclusion of divinity from the curricula, for the sake of concord, has not always, may be, been effected very gracefully or even unostentatiously. But clergymen will surely do well to welcome in university colleges, especially in regard to their "popular" work, very powerful allies in the war against ignorance and class-isolation and selfishness. The absolute exclusion of theology is inevitable; it is not yet generally regarded as possible, with all deference to Professor Bryce, to have chairs of unsectarian divinity even in the older, and therefore wiser, universities.

In dealing unconsciously with class-isolation, university colleges are likely to have considerable influence; they are helping to break down class barriers by the best, the only good means possible. It does not, of course, very often happen that young men come thither to prepare for Oxford or Cambridge, but it is not very uncommon. Nor, on the other hand, is it to be expected that the new colleges shall take the place and do the work of higher-grade schools. On the contrary, the local colleges must be fed by the schools; receiving from them those pupils who for various reasons do not go into residence at Oxford or Cambridge or other great universities. This ought to be their chief aim; it is only an accident that they have now very generally to perform the duties of Mechanics' Institutes on behalf of men and women beginning from the beginning. But in discharging all these various functions, they attract people of every social rank, and so do in the midst of busy industrial life

what Oxford and Cambridge during the last half-century have been doing in true academic retirement. A university where men do not meet in the lecture-room, and at social gatherings, open to all alike as students, is a university only in name; it may examine well; its degrees may be valuable guarantees of capacity; but to smooth social differences, to rub off angles, it does little indeed. The London University has given the testimonial of its parentage to men of all creeds and classes; but they have left their unsympathetic *alma mater* without knowing anything of their foster-brothers; without any sympathy for new interests communicated in social intercourse; without any softening of prejudices or kindlier toleration for forms of opinion before unknown and unwelcome.

Again, notable contribution should be made by local colleges towards solving whatever remains of the problem of female education. It is now very generally conceded that, if only on grounds of fair play, women so minded should have the same educational chances as men; those who think women will achieve and maintain solid ground of their own are glad that there is a prospect of justice being done, and the battle going to the strong; those who think that the sex, hitherto considered weaker, will suffer severely in the struggle, must get what consolation they can from the reflection that only the fit will survive. In many classes the bulk of the students are women, usually young women, some of them working for the sake of their subjects, some mainly with a view to passing examinations. Men, unless reading with some special end, or giving all their time to preparation for professions in which "learning" is of some account, do not come in great numbers to classes held in the day-time. On the other hand, the night students are mainly men. The reasons for this are many. In the first place, it is obvious that women will prefer attendance at classes which

do not require them to leave their homes at night; the male students, on the other hand, have often to spend their day in manufactories, warehouses, and shops, and are glad to change their atmosphere at night. Again, the fees for the day courses are higher than those required for attendance at the evening courses, so that many who would hesitate to spend the full day fee are well able to pay the very small sum that secures admission to night instruction. Besides, the day classes meet twice a week, and the night classes usually once only; and it is found that the preparation required for this one lesson is quite as much as the average night-student can manage. But whether the classes meet during the day or in the evening, the women are certainly better than the men; not only are individual women superior to individual men, but the female students at local colleges are on the whole intellectually higher than men who there take like subjects. A little reflection, however, will show the naturalness of this. The women are picked women, the best of their sex; the men are mostly of the ordinary sort. Had the women students been men, they would have been at Oxford or Cambridge. If, therefore, comparisons are to be made, the women students at local colleges must be matched against honour men at the universities. But even under these conditions of rivalry they will hold their own, and it is just because the local college gives such women something of a university, which they would lack without such provision, that it has a very strong claim on those who profess to be anxious in the cause of female education. For various reasons women will not be able to fulfil the conditions fulfilled by men at Oxford and Cambridge, not to the end of time; but we may hope that local colleges will gradually be recognised as giving them a chance of the best intellectual exercise, whilst not depriving them of the more valuable domestic training to which they have hitherto

(as it is usually supposed) been generally confined. The fact that the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are too small for the numbers of matriculating students is proof enough of the utility of the new scheme which allows women to be at least examined, although it still leaves virtue to be its own chief reward. So far, local colleges are not inefficient, but, of course, residence in or near university towns places within the reach of students the best academical help available.

From the foregoing notes the reader will probably be struck, first, by the great want of system in our schemes of national education, and then, by the chaotic state of those agencies whose business it is to provide for the higher instruction of the classes below those who are able to use the great universities. From this may be seen clearly enough the severity of the task imposed on local university colleges, and should gain for them the sympathy,

and something more, of all those who wish well to education in England. At present university colleges are trying to perform most incongruous duties; they are mechanics' institutes, tutorial agencies, universities, technical schools. So much is expected of them, and they have usually so little money, that some, at least, of their work must be badly done; and what is well done is done with a great expenditure of effort, sometimes on puny tasks. The advanced subjects of "arts," in the academical sense, are necessary; the highest technical teaching is necessary; and these should be separately provided for. But adequate provision there will never be until, on the one hand, the English people generally recognise the value of some training in letters, and until, on the other hand, both employers and employed are agreed in seeing the interests of all furthered, if not reconciled, in schools of national industry.

RURAL ROADS.

THERE are certain patents, or rather copyrights, which it would be a blunder verging on crime to infringe. The sight-seeing of the British isles must be left to our American cousins; charioteering chronicles to the cosmopolitan millionaire, or members of the Four-in-Hand Club, and the discovery of new holiday haunts to the legions of enterprising tourists, whose most difficult problem at present is how to get out of each other's way. The "log" of a *bonâ fide* traveller who has occasion to trot leisurely through the rural roads of half a dozen counties in our native land must be acquitted of any rash ambition to compete with these established literary properties; but it is not claiming too much for the British isles to say that within the length and breadth of them no continuous stretch of 150 miles can be traversed without pleasure and some kind of instruction, most likely unforeseen; and if the chapter of accidents puts such a stretch of road within our reach, the invitation to follow it should not be neglected.

A glance at Bradshaw's map will show that, notwithstanding the development of railway enterprise, there is no direct route from the north-west corner of Hampshire to the south-west end of Lincolnshire, so that if a horse, trap, and human appendages have to be conveyed from one point to the other, it is economically possible to prefer the road to a day's rail round the corner through London. It is the second week in June, but owing to the late spring the hawthorn is still only in its prime; the buttercups in the Hampshire meadows make a broader and brighter sheet of gold than usual, and the little villages which nestle mostly in cosy, wooded hollows, round about the "neat and solid market town" of Andover, still justify Cobbett's assertion that "this country has its beauties, though so open," and we

must now add, so turnip-ridden. Sixty years since, Cobbett's harangues to the farmers were among the attractions of the great October fair at Weyhill, which he describes as "a village of half a dozen houses on a down, just above Appleshaw." It is not much larger now, but the fair buildings, long, low sheds, with chalk walls and slate roofs, separated by green lanes, with down outside, and a picturesque ex-inn and farm-house in the centre, give a curious individuality to the place.

The weather is cloudy, and we only start at six P.M., intending to sleep at Newbury, after a short stage of sixteen miles. Weyhill is known parochially as Penton Grafton, and part of the parish belongs geographically to the neighbouring village of Penton Mewsey, through which we start. Penton is not on the high road, and we follow lanes that meander gently right and left, up and down, with a leisurely, rustic slouch. A couple of miles brings us to a little corner public-house; one boy represents the population of five cross lanes; presently we find ourselves on the high road from Andover to Newbury; here are milestones, mostly illegible, an uninhabited turnpike hut, two labourers going home from work, one wayside cottage, a country parson and a gig crawling up the hill down which our old horse prefers to zig-zag cautiously. The rain lifts, and only the distant views of Berkshire hills are spoilt; the brown atmosphere seems to harmonise with the silence; all the hedge that is not snowy white is a moist, feathery green, uncontaminated by shears and bill-hook, and even without the shadow of the wood upon the right, one might mistake these rural solitudes for the lotus eater's paradise, a land of long, lazy, drifting, through silent fragrant afternoons.

Five miles from Andover we come

to Hurstborne Tarrant, again a favourite haunt of Cobbett, though he prefers the local and correcter pronunciation of Up-husband, a largish village with near 900 inhabitants. Wages here in 1822 were 6s. weekly; in the same part of the country they are now 12s., but children no longer go to work at six or eight, so that the man with a "long family" has gained in money wages perhaps half-a-crown. They have thus increased in the interval by about a halfpenny per annum, a truly magnificent pace of progress, at which rate, if continued 300 years hence, Hodge will be earning just about the 62½ per annum which Cobbett calculated to be sufficient to find a labourer's family in home-grown bread, meat, and beer, without any such new-fangled luxuries as tea, school-pence, or potatoes. Perhaps, as Béranger says—

"Celles-ci sont pour l'an trois-mil, ainsi soit-il!"

More copse and hedges. A steep pull up the ridge which culminates in Beacon and Sidown Hills, above Lord Carnarvon's Park. The famous rhododendrons of High Clere are in bloom, but we pass by on the other side, through the village, the third and last upon the road to Newbury, which we reach, through its modest fringe of villas, about half-past eight. The little town is strange to us, and we seek guidance from an opportune policeman, and though the discreet guardian of the public peace looks as if, like the undergraduate pressed to discriminate between the major and minor prophets, he "liked not to make invidious distinctions," we gather from him that it will be on the safe side to "put up" at the White Hart. But for the quarterly utterance of the church clock, the paved market-place is as silent as the hedgerows through the nights.

These first fifteen miles were not by any means the most solitary of the road before us, but they happen to be those as to which it is easiest to "quantify" the impression we receive of traversing a scantily peopled

country. It would be troublesome to ascertain for the whole distance the exact acreage of every parish traversed, but for these sixteen miles the population in a strip of country averaging about a mile and four-fifths wide along the road, averages about seventy-seven to the square mile. The soil is not poor; the land is almost entirely inclosed, is all cultivable and apparently all cultivated, except the pleasure-grounds at Doleswood and High Clere. Whether under these circumstances the above population can be considered normal in a civilised and crowded country may be judged from the fact that the general average for Great Britain is 289 to the square mile; the average in Ireland before the famine was 249; that of Bengal is 440; that of the eastern province of China, including the great plain, is 458; while three of the most populous of these provinces, with an area half as large again as Great Britain and Ireland, had, at the beginning of the century, an average of nearly 750 to the square mile. Unless our agricultural labourers are ten times as well off as John Chinaman we must have a good deal to learn in the way of rural economy; and, unfortunately, it is an open question whether the agricultural labourer is even as well off with us as he is (except in famine years) in the land of Mencius, where the test of good government has always been, that the aged agriculturalist is able to "eat flesh and wear silk," the latter of course for warmth, not ostentation. Most of the villages we reach have a stationary or declining population, and as Cobbett's personal experience of so many different counties gave a similar result, except about the then modest little town of London, it is easy to understand his disbelief in the return of the second and third census (1811 and 1821), which represented the population of the whole country as increasing. With all his hatred of the "war," he hardly realised how many villages could be emptied into it without making much impression on its apparent size.

The next day's journey must take

in fifty-six miles to Banbury, so an early start is prudent. A pretty chambermaid keeps exemplary faith, and we are off at seven, through a quiet downpour suggestive of one of the few weather proverbs that experience justifies rather oftener than not. "Rain before seven, fine before eleven" in this case meant dry by nine and sunny by noon, and for the rest of the way we had only to congratulate ourselves on the showers which had laid the dust and cooled the roads for three days ahead. A shady road leads out of Newbury through Domington village; not being sightseers we leave the castle of that ilk on our left, cross the Lambourn on its way to join the Kennet, pass an old road-side inn dedicated to the Fox and Hounds, catch a glimpse of Chieveley church and village on the left, and admire a long row of laburnum trees in full flower which some one has planted alternately with firs along a sloping meadow top. No hay is cut or carrying; one threshing machine is at work, but John opines that if the farmer has been holding back for a rise he is likely to be disappointed when he gets to market. About six miles from Newbury, with the disregard for horseflesh common to English road makers, we charge straight up and down Beedon hill, a round outwork of the Berkshire downs, avoiding the village which lies on a by road at the western foot.

On the north side of Beedon Hill we descend upon the interesting and picturesque village of Market Ilsey, where sheep and lamb fairs are held fortnightly for several months. The village lies in the hollow between Beedon Hill and the range of downs which stretches west above the vale of the White Horse to Ashdown. Half the village street is taken up *en permanence* with the sheep pens required for the recurring fairs or markets, and the adaptation of the whole village to a special and unusual purpose gives it the same half exotic air in Weyhill, which it also resembles in the number of its public-houses—there are seven inns besides

beer-shops to a population under 600—and in the presence of racing stables, brought by the fact that the grass of this down furnishes the best exercising ground for young horses. We had determined at starting to follow the custom of Swiss and Italian *vetturini*, and make two short halts in the morning and afternoon, as well as the longer one at mid-day, and at Ilsey horse and man tried the hospitality of one of the seven inns while the driver strolled up to the Ridgeway.

Flocks of sheep were grazing in hurdled inclosures under the slope, the clouds were breaking, and gleams of sunlight flitted over the country, resting, as it seemed, by preference on the little market-place. The summit of the hill is open, and as lovely a bit of down as one need wish to see. The dim grass track of the Ridgeway stretches alluringly to the west, and it would be a sacrifice to remain in sight of the high road but for a copse or thicket on either side of it. Here the gorse in flower, with hawthorn trees in the midst, made a perfect group with earth and sky; the delicate green, gold, and white—hues fit for fairy-land—harmonise and blend with each other and the landscape, with a look of naturalness as well as beauty that the best arrangement of the best horticulturalists never quite come up to. It is not by accident that primroses, wood anemones and violets, cowslips and purple orchises, wildrose and honeysuckle, loosestrife and meadowsweet, and many another floral pair, not only grow together, but set off each other's beauty as they do so. Nature's groupings are the best in our eyes, not merely because they are natural, but also because our eyes have not yet altogether unlearned the unconscious lessons of primeval life by which man adapts his taste to what is best in nature instead of adapting nature to what is worst in man. The inhabitants of the village, it is said, have the right of cutting furze upon the downs, but inclosures have crept up so far that the privilege cannot be worth much.

As the crow flies, the Thames, just below Moulsoford, is only six or seven miles off, but the view due east is blocked by the shoulder of the down, and the open country, watered by the obscure streamlets which debouch into the Thames at Abingdon, has no more charm than belongs to every wide outlook over cultivated land. A pond and farm-house betoken the neighbourhood of the little village of Chiltern, which, like three villages out of every four, stands off the high road. About seven miles from Ilsley we cross the Great Western Railway by Steventon station and village, the latter of which, no doubt, owes to the presence of the former the fact that its population is slightly on the increase. As if to assure us that, after all, the plains of merrie England are a little more populous than the Splügen, we find the village street beyond the gate of the level crossing engaged in the wild dissipation which betokens a "club feast." There is a small booth by the wayside, and a red-coat is having a shy at "Aunt Sally;" fathers of families, in their Sunday best, saunter up by twos and threes; and a flag is flying at the inn, where the proceedings will terminate with the usual minimum of benefit to the club funds. Steventon, however, rejoices in attractions more permanent than those of Aunt Sally. On the Abingdon side the road passes through what at first sight seems only an unusually large and pretty village green, but a second glance shows that the avenue of tall trees around it belongs to the green and edges a raised path, like those along the Oxford meadows, skirting the green. Admiration is mixed with wonder, for we seldom meet a village seised of such a pretty bit of landed property. On inquiry it seems that a trust fund, somewhat under 40% per annum, has been bequeathed for keeping up the causeway and avenues; but while such pretty possessions are the exception, and the custom of the country is to do without them, their owners will not know what to do with them, and accordingly

we find the wild festivities of Steventon going on in the street, with as little picturesqueness as if no founder and benefactor had ever thought of its pleasures. After this the road passes through Drayton village, and in four miles reaches Abingdon. It is only on entering and leaving a town that any question as to the route arises. From Abingdon to Oxford there is a choice, and in following the high road we come in by Christchurch instead of over Magdalen bridge. The number of notices to trespassers about Bagly Wood and elsewhere suggests that we are in the neighbourhood either of peculiarly illiberal landlords or a very destructive native population. We reach Oxford at noon, but these centres of civilisation concern us not.

Along the Banbury Road we see some haymaking at last, and the scent of bean-fields is in the air. For a mile or so beyond Summerstown a few nurses and children, and further on a youth or two, taking their constitutions on wheels, break the transition. We touch the corner of the straggling village of Kidlington, and then the road settles down into the pretty agricultural solitude which we are learning to look upon as the traveller's right. Road-side trees, rare in Hampshire, grow steadily commoner as we proceed, their shade the welcomer as the sky clears; but one cannot have everything at once, and with them we lose a type of road which at least once a year is full of charm; it is edged with turf on either side, and the wheat or turnip-fields are almost shut out of sight by the hedge of branching hawthorn, seldom less than ten or twelve feet high. Tackley parish produces "Sturdy Castle," an old junction inn, where the high road forks to Woodstock; but in Steeple Aston we find a better half-way house, owned by a farmer and still called "Hopcroft's Holt," after some ancient occupier of equal wisdom. This is the typical or rather the ideal way-side inn, quiet and white and neat, with flowers before the porch and a little parlour, which is also the family's best sitting-room,

commanding a still and pleasant view of the copse and finger-post where four unfrequented roads diverge; here, at least, between five and six the wayfarer may rejoice in afternoon tea (though even then bread and cheese will be proffered first) and either try his hand at a well-bound novel, dedicated in 1830 to the newly confessed "author of *Waverley*," or meditate on the confirmation given by our village inns to the thesis of England's uninhabited estate. Some of these little hostelrys are pretty and pleasant enough to compare with ought of their size in Switzerland or Bavaria or the Black Forest; but their pleasantness is in no case supported or suggested by the custom which they receive. 'Tis not for guests or customers that flowers are set in the window and sweet peas trained up the door. If mine host and his womenfolk come of a comfortable stock accustomed to these amenities, the inn will have the homely prettiness of a country farm; if not, the farmer and his nag will respectively eat and drink in due season, the waggoner will stop to bait and Hodge turn in to swallow silently as much beer as his meagre budget will admit; and more exacting customers are too few to count. If the inn looks prosperous, the odds are that the landlord is a farmer, or, may be, postmaster and tailor as well, or, as in Deddington just ahead, a blacksmith or a butcher, or perhaps, proprietor of the mowing or threshing machine which serves the district. Civilised travellers will beware of the man who lives by beer alone and the effective demand for bread and cheese, to say nothing of bacon, is evidently inadequate to evoke a constant supply.

At six o'clock the best of the summer evening is before us; the low hill on the right, with the churches of Steeple Aston and North Aston, shields the road which presently crosses the little river Swere, and climbs the hill to Deddington, once a market town now in appearance a rather overgrown village, and not the worse for that, since English villages are generally

pretty, and small English towns almost always ugly, unless their growth was arrested a century ago. Handsome old timbered houses survive to tell the tale of departed glory, and a bicycle gyrating down the hill casts a slender ray of hope on the immediate future of these rural roads and decaying village inns. Deddington has under 2,000 and Adderbury under 1,500 inhabitants; they are only two miles apart and not unlike in situation, having each a hill and each a stream, and each a sleepy high street, though the green side of the hill sloping to the water meadows is of unequal steepness and beauty. Here again we meet signs of life: no fewer than three carts, of various degrees of pretension, bearing ferns and flowers and more or less hilarious drivers canter by us; there must have been a flower show in Banbury, and we ourselves are in the parish of Bodlicote, a spot of some botanical interest, for medicinal rhubarb is grown here. Apropos of rhubarb, we pass to-day some plants of the common sort in flower, and wonder why it is not grown as a foliage plant in Hyde Park; the heads are finer than pampas grass. Drugs and flower shows notwithstanding, the English settlements to the north of Banbury (to borrow the language of a dispassionate explorer) are in a declining state. Deddington has lost its market and Easington its parish church, or rather the church is still there but the parishioners are made over to the adjoining cure of Cuxham; a flock of twenty-eight sheep left in the wilderness cannot expect to have a shepherd to itself, and, as every traveller knows, the ruined and deserted temples of an ancient faith are always to be met with as picturesque ornaments on the site of former prosperity and cultivation.

The crimson sun sets behind Banbury, a quiet, comfortable little town with about 10,000 inhabitants, just—so to speak—a size larger than Newbury, and not too large for a good contingent of the inhabitants to enjoy a summer evening's stroll along the

shady roads outside the town, which are not without hospitable benches. By comparison with the roads we have been following we seem again in an inhabited country, but as at Newbury we compared our own impressions of England's uninhabitedness with Chinese statistics of population, we may now compare with both the impressions received by travellers in that really populous country. An Arab traveller of the ninth century attempts to give an idea of the populousness of the fertile plains in southern China, by saying that the villages seem so close as almost to touch, and *the cocks answer each other continuously from hamlet to hamlet for 100 leagues together*. In England we speak of "barn door" fowls, and our peasantry have no barn and but rarely fowls, so the music of Chanticleer is less conspicuous a feature in village life than might be wished; but though every village kept wild cocks enough to spoil the slumbers of a score of Carlyles, along our high road their voices would not reach to make an echo in the nearest hamlet, but would die away desolately in the void. The Spanish and Portuguese travellers who visited China in the sixteenth century use corresponding expressions: pagodas stood within a stone's throw of each other and continuously for eleven days' journey they see "cities, towns, villages, boroughs, forts and castles not a hot's flight distant from one another." The Jesuit missionaries of the eighteenth and the Protestants of the present century tell substantially the same story, describing agricultural China as we should describe the manufacturing parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the smoke of one town meets its neighbour in the sky. One recent traveller¹ tried to explain the difference by the choice of more productive crops, "one acre of wheat will in Europe support two men; one acre in China will probably support twenty;" but if one acre of wheat supported two men, a parish containing 1,920 acres half laid down in

wheat would support 1,920 inhabitants, or at the rate of 640 to the square mile, and still have a surplus to spare for Deddington market. The true secret of the matter is that the Chinese agriculturist does, and the English does not feed and clothe himself directly out of the produce of his own labour. The consequence is that, as English travellers observe, with a surprise that would itself be surprising to a Chinaman, the country people of China are well off in a fat, fertile district, and only poor when the soil and climate are against them. We manage these things differently in England; and it might still be said, almost as absolutely as by Cobbett, that "the richer the soil and the more destitute of woods, that is to say, the more purely a corn country, the more miserable the labourers."

At Eanbury the rights of chambermaids are respected, and we are not "entitled," as the Scotch landlord says, to tea at 6.30, except by private arrangement with the damsel, who agrees to curtail her lawful slumbers for a consideration. We are off at seven, with a clear and cloudless sky; and begin now to diverge from the straight road to Lincolnshire, and make a sweep westward, in order to touch at Coventry.

Outside the town we have a choice of roads—one to Warwick and Leamington, the other to Leamington; and, as the latter is our destination, we follow its guidance, and do not repent, though it proves not to be the one we had predetermined on. Close to the road, at our left, is the pretty church and village of Mollington, half in Oxford and half in Warwickshire. The country here is exceedingly pretty—finely timbered, with fat, sloping pastures, ridged from old ploughing or draining. There is a Fenny Compton station, near which we cross the line, but the village is safe out of sight; it used to be famous for its yeomen, whose substantial houses are now divided and let to labourers. Pretty as the road is here it has once been prettier, for all along one side of it there is one of

¹ Gill's *River of Golden Sand*, p. 277.

those narrow slips of fields that in such a place tell the tale of unmistakable stealing—the inclosure of the wayside grass by some bold bad man. The curious thing here is that telegraph posts stand upon the stolen ground. Does the Commons Preservation Society know whether the Post Office is the thief? The last Ordnance Map (1815) marks the road as uninclosed, and 'tis visible to the naked eye that the fence is now where no fence can have a right to be.

After the railway for as near as may be four miles there is not a single house of any sort upon the road; in 1815 there was one at least, but it has disappeared, and we have to go two miles beyond the halfway to Leamington before coming to a stable for the morning halt. In compensation, the little village of Ladbroke reached at last, has gates upon which one may lean away an hour in bucolic bliss. There is a big house with timbered grounds bounding the view on one side, one or more middle-sized dwellings set back in gardens, besides the church, the rectory, and a tiny cluster of cottages, beginning with the very humble inn and ending with the blacksmith's forge, 250 souls in all. The church is apparently a fine one, partly fourteenth century, with an older chancel, and a fifteenth century clere-story, the latest feature, except a new lych gate dedicated to the memory of the last incumbent. The churchyard is open, but the church is locked. Do the country clergy who stand aloof from politics, and keep their parish churches locked, know that they are doing what little in them lies to further the cause of disestablishment? Half-a-dozen paths converge at the church, three at least crossing one broad meadow where the long grass rivals the billowy radiance of ripe corn; can anything be more truly democratic? In the dim ages when this church was built none doubted that the one building that every one wished to walk to should be made accessible to every one by a direct short cut; it may be doubted whether, but, for the number

and popularity of these "church paths," there would be a single footway in England open now; there is a homily in their defence, wherein strong words are not lacking: *inter alia*, "God is not bound to defend such possessions as are gotten by the devil and his counsel," and the preacher, not content with denouncing the flagrant sin of those who "grind up the ancient doles and marks," to the disinheriting of rightful owners, laments too the immoral, though never illegal, covetousness of those who "plough up so high the common balks and walks, which good men before made the greater and broader, partly for the commodious walk of his neighbour, partly for the better shack in harvest-time, to the more comfort of his poor neighbour's cattle." Then, in more special reference to these church paths, he goes on: "It is a shame to behold the insatiableness of some covetous persons in their doings; that, where their ancestors left of their land a broad and sufficient bier-balk to carry the bier to the Christian sepulture, now men pinch at such bier-balks, which by long use and custom ought to be inviolably kept for that purpose; and now they either quite ear them up, and turn the dead body to be borne further about in the high streets; or else if they leave any such meer, it is too strait for two to walk on." Here is by implication the social doctrine "to every man according to his wants"; the one thing no man can do without is the bit of earth that opens to receive his bones, and Church and State, law and religion, agree to assure his right to a decent journey thither. But churchyards have, perhaps, before now been the chosen scene for a reflection that all our life is a journey to the grave: this being so, it is consolatory to learn from another Elizabethan homily that by divine right we may make the journey decently. But these pretty radical paths were never meant to lead to a locked door; and a village church is good for something more than for the rural congregation (when there is one),

to say its prayers in on Sunday. It is a monument of ancient faith, of a long-lost fraternity of purpose throughout the land, of a liberality lavish enough to bestow on hamlets finer buildings for the common use than many a large town now erects with much pother of subscription lists and beggary. For the present the nation has no common creed to profess, no common worship to perform—we do not say public prayers to Mammon—in these national edifices, but that is only the more reason why the church doors should stand open wide, that all who list may enter and breathe a prayer in passing.

The moral is plain, that whensoever the whole nation shall be as unanimously resolved to bend its steps anywhither as our ancestors were, to be christened, married, and entombed within the precincts of the parish church, then again as of yore, custom, religion and law will lend their sanction to the claim and the good will of the people shall be done on earth.

"Celles-ci sont pour l'an trois mil, ainsi soit-il!"

The sermon of the locked church door lasts a long hour by the June sunshine, and there are appointments to be kept ahead. Again upon the road, we make a sharp turn to the west, leaving the respectable town of Southam, with its spires on our right. Beyond the little village of Ufton, perched on its little hill, we cross the Roman "Foss-way," which will meet us again beyond Leicester, as its line is the chord of the arc we are describing. Interest in Radford Semele cools as we learn that the King's name has to do with nothing more mythological than the whilom presence of a family that might just as well have spelt itself "Simely." Long before Leamington is in sight sure tokens herald the vicinity of a watering-place, a town laid out for the pleasure of its residents; the well kept roads have a soft "ride" on one side, the wide raised footpath is furnished with benches and tall trees on

either hand give shade and freshness. In his wrath at the kindred fopperies of the "tax-eaters" of Cheltenham, Cobbett would not deign to look at the expensive town, but the extreme prettiness of Leamington may suggest another moral to a milder age. Here are over 5,000 inhabited houses, 25,000 and odd mortal specimens of our ugly species, and yet a good fourth or fifth of the area they occupy is by no means ugly—some of it is positively agreeable to behold. We shall have occasion to remember this lesson in Leicestershire. Private and hired carriages by the score frequent the ornamental drives leading to Warwick and Kenilworth. For the sake of "John," or rather of his children, to whom it is fitting that he should take back some traveller's tale, the law against sightseeing is relaxed and Kenilworth Castle included in the route. With cockneyfied surprise we note an unbridged streamlet across the most frequented road. From Kenilworth to Coventry there is a long reach of much admired highway, wide and bordered with trees like a great park avenue, and for once in a way the effect is fine; but the Fenny Compton solitudes are really prettier, and we suspect that the other is mainly admired for being public while looking so much more like private property.

To-day's stage is a short one and we halt at Coventry, but have little leisure to "watch the three tall spires," one of which alas! was about to be vested in scaffolding and virtually rebuilt, not in wantonness, but because the fabric is really insecure. An ugly but serviceable steam-tram groans and pants through the venerable city and up its steep hill, but as we pass out of it on Thursday morning, by the Foleshill side it is hard to realise that we are leaving behind a larger population than that of Oxford. This district is sacred to the memory of George Eliot. Foleshill itself, a straggling manufacturing village with nearly 8,000 inhabitants lies to the right of the road which passes through fair wooded pastures before reaching the ugly little town of Bidworth, with about the same population

as Abingdon, but with a squalid, coal-dusty look; a very coal-dusty little public invites custom pathetically under the sign of "The Old Black Bank;" where will not sentiment find itself a hook to hang itself on? Thrice between Coventry and Griff the road crosses the "brown canal" where half a century ago, the little sister caught her fish and learnt—

"Such was with glory wed."

The old church of Chilver Colow, once abandoned to the ministrations of the Rev. Amos Barton, is in the angle where the road turns eastward to Nuneaton and Leicester. The former is a clean, pretty little country town about the size of Abingdon and Bidworth, but like the former, dating from ages when the aggregation of men for industry did not necessarily imply the mere multiplication of mean brick buildings all alike in ugliness. From Coventry to Leicester is about twenty-five miles, and we propose to sleep at Melton Mowbray seventeen miles further, so this time the day's journey has to be divided into three stages. Hinckley, a small manufacturing town (about 8,000 inhabitants) is halfway to Leicester, but with memories of Market Ilsey and Ladbroke churchyard still fresh we cannot willingly contemplate a halt at the "Old Black Bank" or hostelrys of similar associations. Leicestershire, as we enter it by turning for a few yards down Watling Street, has a somewhat naked look, a country with open reaches of land and sky, which needs the contrast of a few smiling, sheltered human settlements to make one call it open and breezy instead of bare and bleak; for half an hour, leaving more to fear than hope, we resolve the anxious question, will Hinckley prove a blot or an ornament to the landscape? Slowly, in silent sadness, we pass through—in by the Coventry and out by the Leicester road, and choosing mercy to man rather than beast we trust ourselves to the chance of villages a-head rather than waste a summer hour in these dingy streets. Allow something for the

hasty judgment of an irresponsible wayfarer spoilt by the *bonnes fortunes* of former days. I am fain to hope that all the domestic, social, and political virtues flourish at Hinckley; it has co-operative stores and building societies, there is a hill behind it with a view, and though rich in modern ugliness, the town is old, and the ringing of the curfew bell is provided for by an endowment of land to pay the ringer. But when all possible justice has been done to all the sterling virtues we know of or can imagine, the fact remains that the town of Hinckley is not a gracious spot. The stocking loom was introduced here at an early date, and the place was comparatively more important at the end of the eighteenth century than it is now; the population was between four and five thousand, and as a proof of its singular healthiness it was stated that for eight weeks not a single death had occurred. Since then the place has not quite doubled in size, but as we remember Leamington that is no valid reason why it should have lost its good looks; for it had good looks to lose.

So we turn our backs on Hinckley, and faring three or four miles further, reach the younger and smaller and so far more inoffensive settlement of Earl Shilton, where a church spire rises hopefully among trees on the crest of the hill up which the village street appears to straggle. Since we accepted the hospitality of the villagers at the sign of King William the Fourth, it would be ungrateful to prophesy that Earl Shilton quadrupled will be another Hinckley; leaving man and beast to King William's tender mercies we steer for the church spire and emerge upon a green meadow leading up to the churchyard. This is planted upon the very brow of a little cliff-like descent, and from this vantage ground a fresh reach of slightly varied open country is spread out before us to the north-east. The churchyard gate is locked, but the wall is low; . . . the church of course is locked; but that grievance has been

exhausted already; there is a wide porch with stone seats both at the north and south door, and from the welcome shade of the former we look out in peace upon a scene of beauty. 'Tis the second cloudless day, and the sun's heat has been gathering strength; now at high noon it bathes the plain in a white haze, to which the cool stone porch and bright green turf on the foreground serves as a frame. Earl Shilton, though not beautiful itself, looks out on beauty enough to let us part from it in charity.

The nine miles of road between it and Leicester are solitary again; a park or two and the "highway spinnies" survive as relics of what old maps call Leicester Forest, though it was really a royal chase, and as such alienated in the days of Charles I. Presumably we pass through Glenfield parish, formed of three hamlets three miles apart, and with a total population of about 1000 souls, but the high-road gives them all a wide berth. The approach to Leicester is rather fine, and the allotment gardens, carved out of the common pastures of the Leicester "freemen" are very interesting. Only townsmen could so covetously make the most of every inch of the tiny plots, and one's heart warms to the microscopic greenhouses and liliputian arbours, where one can imagine happy families sitting on Sunday afternoon, each under its own scarlet-runners; unless, indeed, the local puritanism which wages a holy war against Sunday cricket closes the allotment gardens on that day. In English towns of a certain size a tourist's inquiries after the best hotel are apt to receive alternative replies, according to the blue or buff shade of informant's political sympathies. A clerical referee remembers that "the archdeacon" stays at the King's Head, while a liberal resident is still more confident in recommending the "Queen's." In Leicester we follow Bradshaw to the "Bell." Here the decoration of the coffee-room is political but ambiguous. A large photograph represents a spacious hall, with dinner-tables spread

for many guests, while a handful of spectators contemplate the empty seats, title—"The Great Conservative Banquet." Is this meant for subtle irony, and are we amongst Radicals who thus commemorate a fiasco on the other side? Apparently not. The waiter's gravity rebukes the frivolous thought, as he condescends to explain that the photograph represents M. le Propriétaire and a few friends, like a general and his staff surveying the future field of battle.

Leaving its hospitable portals between five and six, we pass out through Belgrave, a kind of suburb connected with the town by tramways. Factories and manufacturing villages are dotted about the neighbourhood, and as we pass through the streets of Thurmaston and Syston, women are seen at the windows and on door-steps at work at the "seaming and stitching" of the hosiery woven in the town. Their earnings average under a shilling a day, and they have to fetch the work or pay a commission to the middleman. In 1874 a trade union of the women seamers and stitchers was formed, and the society succeeded in getting a list of prices adopted by arbitration, which raised the prices of the worst paid work twenty-five per cent. But the difficulties in the way of organisation can be imagined when it is said that the halfpence which form the subscriptions have to be collected from members scattered in twenty-seven villages. Ten and twenty miles a day was often tramped in winter by the energetic women who formed the first committee of the society, which numbered nearly 3,000 members in its first year. Apparently the ladies of Leicestershire are an energetic race, for in Thurmaston a Mistress Ruth Somebody combines the function of post-mistress, shopkeeper, and parish clerk.

Beyond Syston we pass again almost suddenly into rural solitudes, a land of "spires and squires," with fine churches, cosy villages, with from sixty to 600 inhabitants, spacious parks and fat pastures, which the red

cattle share with sheep, who look oddly out of place in the long grass to eyes fresh from Hampshire downs and turnip-fields. The abundant finger-posts testify that we are in the heart of Daneland; between Rearsby and Brooksby the road runs along the top of a round ridge or wold, not too broad to allow those who pass along the summit to look down into the green valleys on either side, where are Hoby, Rothesby, Frisby, Symesby, and Kirby Bellairs, with Gaddesby, Kettleby, Saxelby, Welby, Brentingby, and many more with the same termination in the middle and remoter distance. This effect of the road along the upland—which is on too small a scale to be called a down, and yet has all the breeziness of one and more view than a good many—is characteristic of the neighbourhood, and will meet us again beyond Melton Mowbray, where we have found quarters for the night before the curfew bells begin to ring. Here, as every one knows, pork pies are turned out by the ton weekly, and, as a great hunting centre, there is stabling for 700 horses.

There only remains a stage of thirteen miles to be taken before breakfast next morning. One small and pretty village—Thorp Arnold—lies between Melton and Waltham-on-the-Wolds, the name of which speaks for itself. The country is of the same character as it has been since Rearsby. Waltham, which used to have a market, still holds an annual horse and cattle fair; the old "Bell Close" lets for 15*l.* a year, which pays for the bell which rings at eight o'clock, morning as well as evening. Croxton Park (pronounced Crozton), between Waltham and Croxton Kerrial, belongs to the Duke of Rutland, and a modest manor-house, picturesquely situated but of no use to the owner of Belvoir, has been half destroyed, half converted into a farm. Finely-antlered deer graze upon the racecourse above the park, and some three miles off, on the other side of the road, Belvoir Castle towers impressively through the morning

haze. The drive through Croxton Park opens on the high road just opposite the gate of the drive to Belvoir; the traveller may thus, according to his taste, either pity the sorrows of a poor duke whose landed property is cut in two by the public road, or marvel at the instinct of "agglomeration," as the Chinese called the practice while they suffered from it. Since the schoolmaster has been abroad the natives of this region have learnt to pronounce the name of the duke's castle as it is spelt—Bel—bell and voir to rhyme with choir. Popular education has the same tendency everywhere. Board-school children in the Borough talk about South-wark instead of South'ark as well-to-do Londoners used to do, and in general those to whom reading is a new art, insist on reading as they think correctly all those proper names which have acquired a traditional mispronunciation. The point is a little curious as a matter of social psychology, for the mispronunciation probably originated with an aristocracy that could not spell the names of the places and people it habitually spoke of. When the mispronunciation had become established it was regarded as a refinement of education to know what names should be mispronounced and how. The middle-class was more anxious to talk like its betters than to read more correctly than they. To make Cholmondeley or Marjoribanks into quadrisyllables and to pronounce Belvoir as it is written was supposed to show an ignorance worse than that of letters, namely, that of the manners and customs of "county families." But this ambition passes over the heads of elementary schools. A little further on and the journey ends at one more pretty, well-spired and squired village. The reader has not seen the May blossom nor basked in the silent sunshine, and he may find the unadventurous progress dull. But seeing is believing, and it is worth while for those who live in towns and suffer the costs of over population to realise what is meant by the statistics which

tell of a falling off in all the agricultural counties. Oxford, Coventry, and Leicester are the only towns of any importance upon this 150 miles of road; if Leamington is added to these, there remain only eighteen towns and villages with a population ranging from one to ten thousand; deducting these and a proportionate amount of the whole route, say, to be on the safe side, as much as half, there will remain seventy-five miles of high road in the middle of southern England with an average population around that may be approximately calculated at forty-five to the square mile; to be on the safe side, say fifty, for we certainly traversed districts that are much less populous than the part of Hampshire where the exact area of the parishes as well as the population was ascertained. Explore what part of rural England you will, the result will be found much the same, and it is not one creditable to our practical sagacity.

Treble the population of the purely agricultural districts, treble the amount of labour spent upon the land, and rearrange the distribution of the produce, the gross produce will be increased, the trade of country towns will revive, and the revival of local markets will further stimulate agricultural production. The artisans of Leicester are not millionaires, but they probably invest as much capital per acre in their allotments as a market gardener; what we want is to have village lands cultivated up to market garden pitch. John, the paterfamilias already mentioned, has something to say on the subject of why we do not get it. He has lived for fifteen years as groom and gardener with a country clergyman. When his enfranchisement as a county voter became imminent, we had the curiosity to inquire into his political opinions; needless to say that he disclaimed the indiscreet pretensions to anything of the kind. However, we tried him with the land question. Good cottages, he thought, were very well, but a man wants a bit of ground of his own. A reference to

Mr. Stubbs's contention that the land is "labour-starved," set the stream of his eloquence loose; the state of this and this piece of land is "something shameful," and, in fact, bad farming and bankrupt farmers are more plentiful than bad harvests can in any way account for. To continue the subject, the rector lends John Mr. Stubbs's little book to the man, and a year or two later when he leaves the parish, John announces his desire to stay behind and take Absalom's farm of thirty odd acres. A man with six children only just growing up has saved very few pounds, but the fifty pounds he considers indispensable are promised as a loan by a friend of fifteen years standing. The negotiation goes off upon the question of rent, the farm contains some of the land which has been "used shameful," the fences are all in a bad condition. We induce John to correct his too hopeful estimate as to the price of crops, and warn him against ruining himself by undertaking to pay a rent beyond what the land will bring in after he has kept his family. Thus encouraged he asks for a reduction for the first year, which we privately think insufficient, but the agent (it is shanty land) calmly tells him that if anything is taken off the first year as much again will be put on the second, and the more he thinks of it the worse the bargain seems; so John will stay among the wage-earners. The rent he is asked to pay is close on two pounds an acre for a small farm in bad condition; a large farm in the same neighbourhood has been let in despair, "he hears say," at 7s. 6d. an acre; he is a silent, mild man, wanting in no due reverence for the powers that be, but as we trot along the lanes he allows himself to observe that "it do seem rather unreasonable."

Emigration meetings in White-chapel and depopulation in Wiltshire "do seem rather" unreasonably near together; and it is a suggestive exercise to look with the bodily as well as the mind's eye "first on this picture, then on this."

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY AT AMSTERDAM.

A FEW weeks ago there were great rejoicings at Amsterdam. The city was *en fête*; the shops were gaily dressed with flags; salutes were fired, and there were visible all the signs of national and municipal rejoicing. Yet the occasion was not a Royal Marriage or the conclusion of a Peace—it was the opening of the Rijks Museum, which, long promised, was at last completed. As almost every English tourist who visits Amsterdam does so, more or less, for the purpose of studying Dutch art in its native place, it is pretty generally known that the condition of the public gallery there has up till now been something of a scandal. The “Trippenhuis,” the old building by the side of the canal, in which the masterpieces of Rembrandt and his followers have been housed, was a building in no way worthy of its high calling. Not that it is wanting in picturesqueness or character. It would have served very well for a third-rate public office; but it was never designed for the purpose of a picture gallery, and not more than a fragment of its wall space was properly lighted. For many years the appeal of artists and critics had gone up to the Dutch Government and the municipal authorities to take the matter in hand, and to do something adequate for the art which in the eyes of mankind at large has ever been the glory of Holland. About ten years ago the decision was taken to begin; and the work of providing a new building which should be a National Gallery and South Kensington Museum in one was intrusted to Mr. Cuyper, a gentleman well known in the Netherlands and in Belgium as the architect of several important Roman Catholic churches. The new building was actually begun in 1877, and it is now

structurally complete, though more than half of it remains empty, or almost empty, of the art treasures with which it will some day be filled.

The arrangement of the new museum will be something after the following order. The two central courts will be devoted—one to a museum of casts illustrating not only classical but also mediæval and modern sculpture, and the other to part of the “National Netherlands Museum,” which will include all kinds of furniture, tapestry, metal work and *faïence* produced in the country from the earliest times. Several of the rooms on the ground floor surrounding the central courts will also be given up to this class of objects, whilst others will be assigned to the schools which, after the example of our Science and Art Department, the Dutch Government is about to establish. Thus far, however, the organisation of the museums is a matter for the future; at present only one of the ground-floor galleries and the greater part of the upper floor are completed and ready for visitors. The former is occupied by the very celebrated collection of prints and drawings which have long been received with inhospitable shelter in the “Trippenhuis.” Above are the pictures, viz.:—(1) The old Trippenhuis collection including the Dupper and the Van der Poll bequests; (2) The famous Van der Hoop collection removed from the separate quarters where it has been kept since Mr. Adrian van der Hoop left it to the town, in 1854; (3) A number of important pictures, mostly of large size, removed from the Town Hall, where, as has been known to a few adventurous tourists, they have been housed in dark and very unsuitable quarters for some long time; (4) The modern pictures

from the Royal Villa at Haarlem. As to the mode of arrangement, there are large galleries and small ones; the former lighted from the top, and the latter, which consist of a series of small rooms communicating one with another, by high side windows. As is natural, the large galleries are chiefly occupied by the larger pictures and the small rooms by the innumerable little masterpieces of the painters of *genre* and landscape which were the chief artistic output of the seventeenth century.

Passing up a wide, but not very effective staircase, the visitor finds himself in a broad and lofty gallery, floored, like the whole museum, with mosaic, and adorned by a series of stained glass windows by an English artist, Mr. W. J. Dixon. Out of this gallery, which serves as a kind of *Salle des pas perdus*, he turns into a long and somewhat gloomy passage, on either side of which are recesses filled with pictures, while at the end he is faced by Rembrandt's famous *Night Watch*. The pictures in the recesses are mostly of the class known in Holland as *Schutterstukken*, or *Doelenstukken*, or those large life-size portrait groups in which painters like Frans Hals, Van der Helst, Flinck, and De Keyser immortalised sometimes the guilds and sometimes the charitable committees of their day. Most of these pictures have practically never been seen before; they were, most of them, in the upper rooms of the Town Hall, where visitors were extremely rare, and where the light was never such as properly to display them. To this class also belongs the fine collection of masterpieces which adorns the spacious "*Salle Rembrandt*," at the end of this approach. The *Night Watch* occupies the place of honour. To the right is the no less famous *Syndics*, the crowning achievement of Rembrandt's later years, and to the left is a group by Frans Hals, which, to the few who saw it at the Town Hall, and to the multitudes who have never seen it till now, will be a source of

great attraction. Opposite the two last named are other pictures, also of high quality, by Govert Flinck and Jacob Bakker, whilst the two remaining walls are covered, one by an immense picture of Van der Helst, and by a painting of great interest by Thomas de Keyser, a brilliant artist, whose rare handiwork is only besides to be seen in a few small portraits or groups, such as the famous *Burgomasters*, in the museum of the Hague. When we have added that the large gallery on the left is occupied by a miscellaneous and not very good collection of foreign paintings; that afterwards we pass more or less chronologically from the beginnings of the Dutch school through a special gallery of portraits to the little rooms and the little pictures of which we have spoken; and that on completing the circuit of this floor we find our way back to the starting point through the rooms now given up to modern pictures, we have said enough to give a general idea of the arrangement of this remarkable collection.

Before speaking of the pictures in detail, a word may be said about the building in which they have now found a permanent home. It is convenient, generally well lighted, and as fire-proof as modern resources can make it; and to that extent it is all that could be desired. But as far as architectural beauty or dignity are concerned, we must frankly confess that it has very little of these qualities about it. Holland surely has not done well to abandon the traditions of its solid, dignified, seventeenth-century style in building a home for Rembrandt and Ruysdael, for Terburg and de Hooch, which in point of style and decoration reminds an Englishman of the least happy ventures of his neo-Gothic fellow-countrymen.

What is the character of the art which is preserved for us in these galleries? The time has gone by when a critic like Bürger could think it necessary to speak apologetically for Dutch art on the ground that in

France it was *un art triplement mué*. Probably when Bürger wrote it the phrase was simply an exaggeration; and certainly now, when the amateurs of Paris contend against those of the world for the possession of Terburgs and Metzus, it would be absurd to say that Dutch art does not meet with its full share of appreciation from the people who, in matters æsthetic, give the keynote to Europe. For ourselves, too, in England, we have gradually found our way into a saner state of mind than when we used to applaud Mr. Ruskin as he eloquently decried "the Bak-somethings and Van-somethings" of Holland. It is quite true that Holland does not rival Italy in the estimation of those English people who care for pictures. But, at the same time, we have begun to do justice once more to the masters whose works were so eagerly collected by our great-grandfathers; we are beginning to see something more in their canvases than vulgarity of feeling redeemed by unrivalled manual skill. The opening such a collection as this in the Rijks Museum, covering as it does the whole period of Dutch supremacy in art, gives us an admirable opportunity for once more asking ourselves what were the problems which these painters tried to solve, and with what degree of success they solved them.

Eugène Fromentin, the best of all the critics who have ever written on the art of Holland, opens his observations on the subject by pointing out what was the condition of things in the Netherlands in the first decade of the seventeenth century. In Catholic Flanders, where the long struggle against Spain had ended favourably to monarchy and the Bourbons, an art of great power and magnificence was just beginning to arise—the art of Rubens. To a disinterested spectator at the time it would have seemed highly probable that Holland, if it were to have an art at all, would follow humbly in

the train of the great Catholic and Flemish master. Fate decided otherwise. The revolution won the day in Holland. Independence and Protestantism secured their ground; and in art, as in politics, the foreigner was beaten back. An extraordinary group of painters seemed to spring out of the earth; and from 1596, the birth-year of Van Goyen, to 1639, the birth-year of Adrian Van de Velde, scarcely a year passed without bringing into the world a man who was to help to make his country illustrious. As these grew up, the elder of them found that the great events which had echoed round their cradles had changed the current of men's thoughts and aspirations; they found that if art was to exist at all in an enfranchised Holland it must have different aims and objects from those of the previous generations, feebly inspired as they were by the Catholic traditions of Italy and Flanders.

"The problem," says Fromentin, "was this: given a people practical, unaddicted to reverie, very busy, opposed to mysticism, of an anti-Latin cast of mind, with their traditions broken down, their churches stripped of ornament and images, their habits thrifty—to find an art which would please them, would satisfy their sense of suitability, and would represent them. A modern writer of enlightenment on these matters has answered, with fine truth, that a people in this condition had only to impose upon itself the very simple duty which in the preceding fifty years it had always undertaken with success, viz., to ask its painters to paint its own *portrait*. In point of fact, all that is to be said on the subject is contained in that one word. The painting of Holland, as was quickly seen, would not and could not be anything else but a *portrait* of Holland—a faithful, exact, complete, and life-like portrait, a portrait without embellishment, of the men, of the places, of the markets, of the manners of the people, of the streets, the fields.

the sea, and the sky. To accomplish this was, to put the matter in its simplest form, the programme followed by the Dutch school from the day of its birth to the day of its decline."

How early and how strongly this character of portraiture was impressed upon Dutch art is evident as one walks through the two rooms devoted to *les primitifs*—the painters of the sixteenth century. What distinguishes these rooms is the curious groups of life-size heads, sometimes twenty or thirty in a single frame, which have found their way here from the houses of various dissolved corporations. They are heads, nothing more; the artist has made no attempt to paint bodies or limbs, and, from the nature of the case, there is no question of composition or arrangement. For all their *naïveté*, for all their want of learning, they are admirable as the beginnings of a school; their unknown painters were the true ancestors of Hals and Ravesteyn. In another sense, too, these pictures are interesting. They are the seeds out of which grew that noble plant of seventeenth century art, that plant which has sprung spontaneously nowhere else but in Holland, the corporation-pictures. Every one who has passed through Holland knows how abundant these are, and with what uniform success even second-rate painters, like Jan de Bray, have set round their tables the life-size groups of sober-looking "regents" or the gayer companies of feasting arquebusiers. The Amsterdam Gallery now boasts a collection of them such as has never been brought together till now. Rembrandt, of course, is among them with his *Syndics*—"De Staalmeesters"—of which we shall have more to say, and, with his *Company of Frans Banning Cocq*, the so-called *Night-Watch*. Van der Helst, infallible in the matter of a likeness, a master of smooth surfaces, supreme in facile and conventional arrangement, is there with his vast, almost unknown, *Company of*

Captain Bicker, and with others, besides his over-famous *Arquebusiers celebrating the Peace of Münster*. Hals, too, is there, with a picture of thirteen figures, dated 1637, when his brilliant, wayward genius had scarcely passed its prime. But what is of special interest is the fact that many other artists are represented here by pictures of the same class, whose fame has been won in quite other lines. Not Jacob de Bakker, whose fine *Regents* in the Hoop collection is the masterpiece of a man who could do nothing else so well; but Thomas de Keyser, and Flinck, and even Karel du Jardin, the painter of Italianate pastorals, and Jacob Ochterveldt, the pupil (it would seem) and almost the rival of Metzu in highly-finished scenes of *genre*. They are not all equally good, of course; the two last named are a little out of their depth in this kind of work; but they are all marvellously competent. Moreover, the competence never seems to leave the school till we come to the days of full decadence, when Troost, the clever pastellist, famous for his scenes of comedy, attempts his vast *Regentenstuk* of the eleven hospital governors, decked out in Louis Quinze periwigs and smart laced coats that seem to sit strangely on the descendants of Bol's sturdy burghers. Till this period, when art in Holland had resolved itself into a mere feeble echo of the past or a copy of some foreign present, the men who paint these corporation pictures never fail. They have a fine subject; they have a great tradition; and, as it were by instinct, they fix their sitters firmly on the canvas, they group them easily, they seize the dominant character of each face; in a word, they are masters to whom the art of portraiture has given up all its secrets.

Can more or less be said of the painters to whose work we unconsciously refer when we speak of "Dutch pictures"—the painters of character and incident, for which unfortunately we have no word so expressive as the French word *genre*?

Can more or less be said about those who, with no traditions to bind them, with no object but to relate exactly what they saw, invented the modern art of landscape painting? There can be no question that in both these respects the painters of Holland were original, and that they were moved entirely by the same impulse as that which had already stirred the portrait painters. Among the many surprises of Dutch art none is more conspicuous than the suddenness with which, in these two characteristic aspects, it came into the world. By the middle of the century we have it flourishing at more than half a dozen different centres—at Utrecht, at Leyden, at Amsterdam, and, above all, at Haarlem; and it is impossible to regard any one man or group of men as strictly the founder. If, however, we can point to any names entitled to be described as the beginners of the school, they must be those of Dirk Hals, of Jan Van Goyen, of Solomon Ruysdael, and of the elder Cuyp. In the excellent book *Les Artistes de Haarlem*—a perfect storehouse of facts about the less known of the Dutch artists—Dr. Van der Willigen has printed some extremely interesting documents which bear upon the early stages of the art; and among them some lists of picture lotteries held at Haarlem in the years 1634 and 1636. These lotteries, organised by the Guild of St. Luke, under the authority of the burgomasters, appear to have been one of the principal modes by which the painters of that time sent their pictures out into the world, and it is but natural that we should find in the lists the names of those who were most popular in their day. Here and there occur the titles of some seemingly large religious or classical pictures by men now forgotten, which were highly priced and regarded, doubtless, as the masterworks of the time. But what interests us more than these is the discovery in the two lists of several landscapes, large and small, by Solomon Ruysdael and Jan Van Goyen,

whilst in the first list there are no less than ten pictures by Dirk Hals, each described in the French version of the catalogue as "*Un tableau ovale représentant des figures modernes.*" What has become of them? one might well ask. The museums of Europe possess very few of Dirk's pictures, and the only one at Amsterdam is the small but very exquisite *Woman Playing*, to be seen in the Van der Hoop collection. But it is evident from the Haarlem records that when Adrian van Ostade, Dou, and Metzger were only beginning to paint, and when Jan Steen was but a noisy school-boy, Dirk Hals had been long accepted by his fellow townsmen as the creator of a new and charming style of art. Van Goyen appears to have begun his work at a still earlier period, as well as Solomon Ruysdael, whom Dr. van der Willigen has proved to be the uncle and not the brother of Jacob, and as nearly as possible Van Goyen's contemporary. A year or two scarcely matters in the estimate, and we shall not be far wrong if we place 1620 as the date when Dutch art in *genre* and landscape took its definite character. As yet, of course, it is not marked by all the wonderful qualities which soon came to belong to it—a little crude, a little wanting in drawing, sometimes a little harsh in its contrasts, sometimes a little weak in its colour, but still impressed with those features of frankness and sincerity, of simple, natural joy in rendering exactly what the artist saw, which are its distinguishing marks throughout the century.

The ten or twelve small rooms in the Amsterdam museum, which contain the bulk of the *genre* and landscape pictures, with the separate galleries in which are displayed the Van der Hoop, the Dupper and the Van der Poll bequests, form together what is probably the largest collection of this kind of art in Europe. It would be tedious to mention even the names of the numerous artists who are here represented by their best; it will

be enough, perhaps, to say that De Hooch is strongly represented, Terburg not quite so abundantly as at the Hague or at the Louvre, Metzú fairly, Jan Steen magnificently, Nicolas Maes extremely well, and Adrian Van Ostade adequately. There is, besides, in the Hoop collection one of the rare pictures by the fascinating and mysterious artist for whom Bürger's researches have done so much, Van der Meer of Delft. As regards landscape, there are better Van Goyens to be seen elsewhere than in Amsterdam. England is in reality the great storehouse of this artist's works, and during the past season there came under the hammer at Christie's some half a dozen of his pictures which would bear favourable comparison with any to be found at present in Holland. Solomon Ruysdael, too, is only moderately represented in the museum; but few finer examples of Jacob Ruysdael are in existence than the two which are in the Van der Hoop collection; the large landscape which the late owner purchased at Sir Charles Blount's sale in 1837, and the famous "River view with a mill," which came from the Noë collection in 1841. There are also two beautiful de Konincks, and two or three Paul Potters which are very admirable in their way. Of Adrian Van de Velde, the Trippenhuys collection contains three beautiful examples, and in the Van der Hoop room he is represented by the brilliant "Family group," which many consider to be the gem of the collection.

As one stands before such examples of Terburg and de Hooch as the celebrated *Conseil Paternel*, or one or two of the *Interiors* in the Van der Hoop collection, one feels that the objects after which Dirk Hals was striving have been finally achieved. To paint the world as it lies before him; to depict faithfully life as it is lived; to set within the four corners of the canvas a scene which represents some daily human experience in all its material surroundings, to grasp and reveal the secrets of light and shade

—this is what the Dutch painter has attempted, and he has succeeded as none before or after him has been able to do. In the first place, he knows how to draw; like Ingres, he regards drawing as "the probity of art." Whether it was habitual or not for men like Terburg and Metzú to make preliminary studies in pencil or in chalk can only be guessed; the probability is that they did not, and few "studies" strictly so called can be found in the unrivalled collection of Dutch drawings under the care of Mr. Van der Kellen in the print-room on the ground floor of the museum. But, however the art was learned, learned it was, and to a degree of perfection that leaves nothing to be added. There are *nuances* indeed amongst the artists; Jan Steen, for example, is supreme above all his countrymen in this respect; and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, can only be compared to Raffaele in the freedom and accuracy of his hand; but what is specially remarkable is the diffusion of this skill—the fact that it is shared almost equally by the painters of conversation pieces, by the painters of street scenes like Van der Heyden, by the painters of animals like Berchem, by the painters of still life like Van Huysum and de Heem. It is a part of their sincerity. If the aim of art is to portray the world as we see it, then the first qualification of the artist must be the knowledge of form, and the power of exactly expressing it. It is all the same whether the thing to be painted be a face, or a satin dress, or the bricks of a courtyard, or a group of trees with cattle reposing under them. To draw them exactly is the first step; there must be no trusting to the general impression, as Sir Joshua too often trusted, or to the colour, as Delacroix, that most over-rated of the moderns, invariably trusted, and as, it is to be feared, almost all the modern English school are apt to trust. "If a man cannot draw," one seems to hear the Dutch artists all say, from Van der

Helst to Mieris, "he had better not try to paint."

There is the same precision in their painting, that is, in the use of their palette; and, what is of equal importance, there is in their colouring the same firm unwavering intelligence of their medium. But to discuss all this as it should be discussed, and as some Slade professor would do well to discuss it, would be too technical for our purpose. Fromentin, who could have explained the whole matter as few can explain it—for he, besides being an exquisite writer, was a painter *hors ligne*—thus puts the questions that such a technical discussion should answer:—"One should study the Dutch palette, examine its foundations, its resources, its mode of employment; one should say why it is often almost monochromatic, and yet so rich in its results, the common property of all the painters, and yet so varied; why the lights are few and restrained, the shadows dominant; what is, generally speaking, the law of this mode of lighting, which seems to conflict with the natural law, especially in the open air; and it would be interesting to determine to what extent this painting, conscientious as it is, is subject to artifice, to combinations, to *partis pris*, and as was almost always the case, to ingenious systems. Then would come the question of the handiwork itself; of the painter's skill in the use of his tools; of the care, the extraordinary care with which he worked; of his use of smooth surfaces, of the thinness and sparkle of his paint, of the sheen of his metal and his precious stones. How, one would have to ask, did these excellent masters divide the stages of their work? Did they paint on light grounds or dark? Did they, after the example of the early schools, colour *in* the material or above it?" These are the questions which a professional treatise would have to consider; and it would have also to try to fathom another secret of the Dutch painters, and one which is, more, perhaps, than any

other single quality, the secret of their charm—that of their mastery of what painters call *values*. Values, in painting, mean the relations which the colours of a picture bear to one another; and it is easy to see how, if they are wrong, the whole picture is wrong with them. To set in their proper relations foreground, tree, sea, and sky is the last word of landscape painting; and this last word surely Ruysdael has spoken.

We must not, however, attempt to turn a report of the new Rijks museum into a disquisition upon Dutch painting in general; and it is better to stop while there is yet time, and to say something as to the pictures that are actually to be found here. The kings of portrait and *genre* painting we have mentioned already; we need say no more now than that, with the Van der Hoop collection for the first time brought into the same building with the other pictures, there is a better opportunity than has ever been given before for a study of these men. Jan Steen especially; a building that contains the *St. Nicolas* and the *Malade d'Amour*, not to mention the ugly but miraculous *Drinking Scene* of the Van der Hoop gallery, must rank among the first existing displays of this great painter's work. Never was artist so unequal; never was so strange a mixture of technical mastery and of simple carelessness, of a delight in beautiful line and surface and of a taste for the vulgar and the base. Nothing could be more delightful than the *St. Nicolas-fest*, the child to whom Santa Claus has been kind, the whining boy to whom have fallen the shoe and the birch-rod, the laughing sister, the happy mother in the foreground; a scene in which human life is caught at one of its brightest, most natural moments, and rendered once for all. Nothing again could be more brilliant in execution than the odious figure of the sleeping woman in the third of the pictures we have named. Watteau could not have drawn an arm so well, nor Metzu painted better drapery.

But, as every collector knows, it is only too possible to come across Steens as coarse in sentiment as this, and in execution rougher and feebler than Molenaer, save for some one dazzling bit of colour that reveals the master. On the other masters of *genre*, the men of the first rank, we need not dwell, except for a moment on Jan Van der Meer, or Vermeer, of Delft, one of whose interesting pictures is here, the *Lady Reading*—not so fine a picture as the *Milkmaid*, of the Six collection, but still a work of high interest. For the last fifteen years, since Bürger published in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* the results of his inquiries into this painter's life and works, Van der Meer has been a name to stimulate curiosity and to whet the appetite of collectors. Of his life we know next to nothing; even less than we know of Terburg's, and not more than we know of Jacob Ruysdael's. He was a pupil of Fabritius; he may have been a pupil of Rembrandt; he lived at Delft, and painted its walls and roofs, in the *View* now at the Hague, with a combined breadth and subtlety that no painter of that day has quite equalled. But more than this we hardly know; only that his work has a tenderness, a charm, a mastery of the secrets of light, which no other Dutch painting possesses, except that of De Hooch. Two things are to be hoped about Van der Meer; one, that a fine example of his handiwork may some day find its way into our National Gallery; the other, that amid the scores of vellum-covered volumes of Archives now unworthily housed in the garrets of the Stadhuis at Amsterdam some keen searcher may yet discover much more than is now known of the life of so charming, so personally interesting a painter.

A few of the lesser lights of the school may detain us a moment; men scarcely known, but to be seen in this gallery in aspects which prove them to have had elements of distinction. Such are the portrait-painters Verspronck and Van Hemert; the former

of whom signs a fine bust of a burgo-master in the great portrait room, and the latter the picture of a young man in the very interesting Van der Poll collection. Johannes Verspronck is another of the Haarlem artists on whose personality Dr. v. d. Willigen has thrown light; he has shown that the painter was born in 1597 and died in 1662. He is said to have been a pupil of Hals; and indeed the handling of this noble portrait, as well as the picture of the Lady-regents of the *heilige geesthuis* in the Haarlem museum, shows that he followed closely in the steps of the great master. His work is rare, or seems to be; perhaps—who knows?—it may before long become the fashion to collect it. The other painter, Van Hemert, is entirely unknown. No museum, it is believed, has anything from his hand; and his fame for the present must rest on this beautiful portrait of Dirk Hendrik Menlenaer, an ancestor of the Van der Poll family. Another painter whose reputation will be heightened by the consolidation of the gallery is Brekelenkam, a Leiden man, whose work, of curiously unequal quality, has long been known to students, but whose name has never become, so to speak, the property of the public. There is a fine picture by him in the Dulwich Gallery, and another was lately bought at auction for Dublin. Now that the Van der Hoop pictures are before the world the brilliant interior called *The Tailor's Shop* will put Brekelenkam very near the first rank of *genre* painters. Again, if all the works of Hoogstraten were like the *Sick Lady* of the same gallery, he too would take a place almost as high as any one; but as it is, the picture only proves of painters, as many a single poem has proved of poets, that a second-rate man may now and then do a piece of first-rate work by accident.

Passing through the modern rooms, which, however excellent they may be, it is impossible to enjoy after the eye has become trained to the older pictures, we come to the point at

which we started, opposite the two great Rembrandts. How magnificent they are, and how different! How interesting the comparison between them, and with what certainty does one come—now that the *Night Watch* (the false title will stick to the picture still, in spite of critical catalogues) and the *Syndics* hang side by side and can be seen—to the view that the soundest critics has always held: that the *Syndics* is the great picture, and the *Night Watch* the brilliant mistake! Sir Joshua, who, in spite of the “grand style,” had so true an eye for Dutch art, declared in 1781 that the *Night Watch* was “painted in a poor manner;” and Fromentin, a trained artist as well as critic, places this splendid *tour de force* by the side of Titian’s *Assumption* and Veronese’s *Europa*, as among the *maientendus* of the history of art. Ill-composed, ill-drawn, impossible in lighting, unintelligible in motive, this dazzling picture represents rather the romantic aspirations of Rembrandt, his longing to paint *light* at all hazards, than the reasoned work of the master. With the *Syndics*, that noble portrait group of five grave masters of the Drapers’ Guild, the case is different altogether. The date is 1661, when Rembrandt was fifty-three, and when for some years he had been under the influence—to him a sobering influence—of misfortune. His vogue was almost over; Amsterdam no longer regarded him as the crowning glory of the city; had said farewell to such extravagances as those in which he had revelled ten and twenty years before. Forgetting himself altogether, he throws his whole soul into the picture of the *Syndics*; he aims at no astonishing effect, at no problem as yet unattempted of light and shade, but simply at portraying as they are these five grave citizens, symbols of all that was best and most

enduring in the municipal life of Holland. And with what result! The picture is a masterpiece; and one of those rare masterpieces which invest the character of the man who painted it with an undefinable charm.

The *Syndics* is the picture which of all others in the museum is the best worth remembering; and the visitor will do well to see it last as well as among the first. But he must return another day; for it will not do to leave Amsterdam without a visit to Mr. Van der Kellen and the prints and drawings. Admirably arranged in a dozen handsome oak cabinets, the treasures of this rich department lie in their portfolios, all but one or two hundred that are set in chronological order, and exhibited to public view. These are of great interest, and cover a wide field; the prints, from the extraordinary achievements of the predecessors of Lucas van Leyden—“The Master of 1480,” “The Master of the Crab,” and the rest—down to some fine works of yesterday; the drawings, mostly those slight but masterly performances of the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that are now so eagerly sought for. To show how complete the collection is, even in departments where it might well be poor, we may mention that it contains many portfolios of fine English mezzotints, including almost complete sets—in fine states—of the works of Earlom, McARDell, and J. R. Smith. But its strength lies in the Dutch school, and no one who has not looked through the multitudinous gathering of the etchings of Paul Potter, of Karel Du Jardin, of Ruysdael, of Ostade, Bega, and all the other masters, great and small, can fully realise the comprehensiveness, the activity, the enthusiasm, and the power of the school of artists which the wonderful seventeenth century brought into existence in Holland.

INLAND DUTIES AND TAXATION.

Writing some time in the year 1755 Dr. Johnson libellously described the prototype of the modern Inland Revenue official as a sort of "ruffian" hired to extort what he evidently regarded as very questionable items of taxation.

Writing on the 6th of July, 1885, a figure as towering as that of the great dyspeptic lexicographer himself—the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the greatest master of finance, perhaps, that ever lived, certifies that during his thirty-three years' experience he has always found the modern Inland Revenue official "a model of enlightened ability and untiring zeal." A great change certainly in the "spirit of the dream," even for a span of one hundred and thirty years, and this change to a great extent is correlative with the alteration in the basis, scope, and incidence of our national fiscal system.

The Twenty-Eighth Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, just issued, throws considerable light on the transformation which has taken place, whilst the facts and figures given afford a mine of wealth for the shaping hand of the reformer. We have at a glance the whole history of Inland Duties from 1660 to 1885, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the zenith of the Victorian reign. We are carried back to the very root of our fiscal system; to the early imposition of poundage and tonnage in the reign of Henry V.; to the unsuccessful effort of Charles I. in 1626 to obtain supplies other than those hitherto yielded by the Crown lands and the voluntary contributions of the nobles; how the resistance which the Commons offered, Parliament after Parliament, to any new imposts culminated in the Civil War of 1642; how the Parliamentarians the following year raised supplies by the very means they had previously condemned; how the Royalists at Oxford followed suit, thus in many instances making

the much distracted people "double debts to pay." After the Restoration what was regarded as an exceptional burden during war time was permanently established under the title of Excise, "as full compensation to the Crown" for duties hitherto yielded by land alone. Little by little the people were accustomed to it, but we may take it that down to Johnson's time the somewhat one-sided bargain was regarded as anything but final or equitable. Only about half-a-dozen duties were first imposed, and these of trifling amount. Beer was charged 1s. 3d. per barrel and mead $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per gallon. What is described as "strong water" was charged duty at the rate of 1d. per gallon, and evidently temperance principles were not very popular in those days, for on every gallon of coffee made and sold there was charged a duty of 4d., and double that amount on every gallon of chocolate, sherbet and tea. Like the first scent of blood, however, these duties opened a vista to the rapacity of the king and the selfishness of the great land-owning and governing class. Year after year we find new duties introduced till a culminating point was reached about the year of the battle of Waterloo. In the very year of that battle there was raised from excise alone over thirty millions sterling, some three and a half millions more than was levied from the same source in 1884-85, though our population has nearly doubled since then, leaving altogether out of account the great growth of industrial and private property. Every conceivable trade and every imaginable article was taxed, so much so that a noted pamphleteer of the day said it was the ineffable blessing of every Briton to be reared in a taxed cradle, fed on taxed food, and buried in a taxed coffin. Even the linings of men's hats were taxed. In 1813 the wine duty stood at the highest point it has ever

reached, being within three half-pence of a pound per gallon on the French product—twenty times what it is at present. Even Spain and Portugal in those days, much as they grumble at the half-a-crown duty now, paid no less than 9s. 1½d. per gallon, but Cape wines were admitted at one-third of that figure. Even the spirit duty originally fixed at twopence per gallon rose to 8s. 0½d. in 1811. Beer, the great national beverage was worse off still. It bore a double tax. The malt duty rose from sixpence per bushel to 4s. 5d. in 1804, and besides this there was a beer duty of ten shillings per barrel, so that the good honest squires who drank the health of Lord Wellington in June, 1815, did so in beer taxed to the extent of 18s. 10d. per barrel, exactly three times as much as at present.

Better times, however, were now at hand. Peace was restored, and the fiscal shackles which were strangling the infantile industrial instincts of the people were one by one cast off. The salt duty was the first to go, and when we turn to Indian needs at the present time, this fact should be borne in mind. In patriarchal as well as modern times salt has always been a prime necessary of life, and none but the sorest needs justify resort to it as an instrument of taxation. The beer duty was abolished in 1830, the malt duty, its correlative, still being kept on. The duty on vinegar was abolished in 1844, that on glass and on auction duties in 1845, and the brick duty went the way of all flesh in 1850.

We now enter upon the third era of excise taxation or rather freedom from such. In December, 1852, Mr. Gladstone took the reins as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is no exaggeration to say, that in matters financial the country has been under his spell since then. In 1853 he knocked off the soap duty, in 1861 free paper was proclaimed, in 1862 brewers had to thank him for free hops: in 1869 the fire insurance duty and stage carriage duties were abolished; in 1874 the duty on race horses was taken off by

Sir Stafford Northcote, as well as the Customs duty on sugar; and in 1880, again by Mr. Gladstone, agricultural industry was relieved from the incubus of the malt duty. Leaving out of account his proposal, made in 1874, for the entire abolition of the income tax, it is a brilliant record, enough to grave the name of any statesman in the roll of those who "are not born to die." Save in respect of tea, cocoa, coffee, and dried fruit, practically we now have a free breakfast table, thanks to the broad enlightened liberal-minded fiscal policy steadfastly pursued by the country during the past thirty odd years.

Progress is, however, the life-breath of a people. The resources of reform are by no means yet exhausted, nor has the need of it disappeared. It would yet take five and a half millions sterling annually to secure us an absolutely free breakfast table, and a free trade nation will not rest content until that modest goal is reached. Fruit alone yields over half a million a year duty, whilst the tea duty, low as it is at sixpence a pound, brings in four and three quarter millions sterling. Besides this, the new Parliament will undoubtedly take a wide view of the national balance sheet. It will inquire into what is and what is to be; how taxation may be more equitably distributed, where, when and how retrenchment may be effected. In the year ended 31st March, 1885, we raised altogether a little over eighty-eight millions sterling. And in the current year the national and imperial requirements will entail an expenditure of close upon a hundred millions sterling. Magic figures these, but ponderous with responsibility. Our Laureate may entreat us not to fail through "craven fear of being great;" but let any thinking man reflect for a moment on these hundreds of millions of hard sovereigns, which must be got together somehow out of the pockets of the people from March in one year to March in another, and say if the problem is not a momentous and intricate one. Trade is sound now, if

somewhat circumscribed; but think what an expenditure like this would mean in a period of acute depression, such as would result from a series of bad harvests or a gigantic war in any corner of the world. Think of it if we ourselves were in the throes of a European or Asiatic conflict, for be it remembered, these ninety or a hundred millions would have to be met apart from the stupendous cost of a conflict. Not a few think that this heavy liability is a dangerous millstone round the neck of the commonwealth, but it is far easier to point to it and moralise than suggest any royal road out of the difficulty.

We may just state the items which go to make up this huge bill of fare. The contributions are :—

Customs	£20,321,000
Excise	26,600,000
Stamps	11,925,000
Land Tax	1,065,000
House Duty	1,885,000
Income Tax	12,000,000
Post Office	7,905,000
Telegraph Service	1,760,000
Crown Lands	380,000
Suez Canal Interest	1,027,349
Miscellaneous	3,174,760
	<hr/>
	£88,043,109

There is one consolation, that the items are fairly well distributed, so that partial paralysis would by no means cripple the whole working body.

Customs is a dwindling source, and it is desirable in a free trade nation that it should be so. Excise is principally concerned with the inland duty on spirituous liquors; and despite the storm which upset the late Ministry, in all probability, especially as regards the beer duty, if the pinch in right earnest came, this is the branch that would be mainly relied upon. Stamps constitute a growing source, and as they include the Succession Duties, there are great future possibilities in this quarter. We fancy twenty years' time will see a different total to eleven millions from this source. Of the Land Tax we shall speak further on. The House Duty and Income Tax are pliable contributors, especially the latter—prime

favourites with finance ministers—but by no means so with the people. The Post Office is making rapid strides as a source of profit; but ideal reformers look to the maximum of accommodation in this direction rather than absolute money getting: six-penny telegrams are a step in this latter direction, though no doubt telegraphic rates lower still will yet constitute a source of profit, despite the admittedly exorbitant price the nation paid for the rights of the old companies.

And now we come to the Income Tax and all the contentious matter it entails. The Report does not enter into the polemical aspect of the case, but some of the historical facts stated will prove highly valuable at the time when the question of a "graduated" Income Tax is under serious discussion. The tax dates from 1798. Mr. Pitt is the author of it. At that time he was at his wits' end for money for carrying on the war. He had failed in the attempt to treble the assessed taxes, and the happy thought struck him that he could indirectly obtain the same result by stealthy and less unpalatable means. He therefore brought in a bill "Granting to his Majesty an aid and contribution for the prosecution of the war," promising that when the war was over there would be an end of the "aid and contribution." It was not a tax upon income or property in the proper sense, but simply an elaborate scheme for raising the old assessed taxes—those on houses, windows, men-servants, carriage-horses, and other articles of luxury—to such an extent as would represent a certain per centage on incomes. This was in every sense of the word a "graduated" Income Tax, so that those who now advocate the principle have at least antiquity and parental authority in their favour. Under it, incomes under 60*l.* a year were exempted, a sliding scale was applied to incomes between 60*l.* and 200*l.*, and 10 per cent. was expected on incomes of the latter amount and upwards. The scheme proved impracticable, but it is pos-

sible that this was owing more to the fact that it was based on the old assessed taxes than to any inherent defect in the principle itself. During the next four years another scheme was tried and abandoned; and this scheme, too, to some extent, recognised the "graduated principle." All persons were required to make return of their incomes from whatever source derived. Incomes under 60*l.* a year were exempted, varying rates were charged between 60*l.* and 200*l.* and 10 per cent. above that. The only difference between this scheme and the short-lived one-year one was, that under the old scheme only those already liable to assessed taxes, that is the wealthier classes, came in for charge, whilst the second tax brought all classes into the net. In 1803 the present system of Income Tax was introduced, and for the third time we find the "graduated" system recognised. Instead of persons being charged in the lump, as it were, on the whole of their incomes from whatever source derived, they were charged separately, so that a professional man who owned a house, farmed some land, had an annuity from the funds, and held a local appointment, would be charged under five separate heads. The house rent charge would be under A, the profit on farming B, the tax on his income from the funds C, that on his professional earnings D, and that on his salary in connection with the local appointment E. The motive was obvious. It was to check evasion as much as possible, so that if a man suppressed one source of income he would at least be caught under some other. A poundage rate varying from 3*d.* to 11*d.* in the pound was imposed upon all incomes between 60*l.* and 150*l.* a year, and 5 per cent. upon sums above that. In 1806 the "graduated" principle was dropped after eight years existence, but in lieu of it we find a principle equally subversive introduced. It is no less than a differentiation between income from realised property and that derived from trades and professions. How some of the

advocates of the principle at the present time could have missed this point is a mystery. The Report, cautiously worded as it is, states the facts plainly enough. It says—

Between the years 1803 and 1806 several Acts were passed relating to the income tax which made no alteration in the principle, but in the latter year, by 46 Geo. III. cap. 65, the rate of duty was again increased to 10 per cent. *The exemption on incomes from realised property under 60*l.* a year (which before existed) was, with a few exceptions repealed, entire exemption was limited to incomes under 50*l.*, and a graduated scale imposed on incomes between 50*l.* and 150*l.*, but limited to profits of trades, professions, and offices.*

Since then the main principles of the tax have been entire exemption for incomes of a certain sum, abatement more or less, up to another point, and a uniform charge on the whole. One fact to be noted is that the graduated scale in its integrity never applied to incomes above 200*l.* Another is that the principle was tried and found wanting. But, after all, what is the present exemption under 150*l.* but a gradation from 0 to 8*d.* in the pound? What is the abatement on incomes under 400*l.* but the same principle in a less accentuated shape? The great argument in favour of the graduated scale is that income above what is necessary to supply the necessities of life should be taxed more than income barely necessary for such. Opponents of the scheme ask where are we to stop if we once introduce the principle of differentiation at all. The authority of M'Culloch is invoked warning us against the thin end of the wedge. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer says it would impair the wage-spending power of the wealthier classes, and thus react injuriously on the very poorest section of the population. John Stuart Mill was certainly in favour of what he termed "equality of sacrifice," and the views of Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., Lord Randolph Churchill, and Prince Bismarck in the same direction are widely known—in fact, we see it stated that a graduated income tax has been in force in Germany since April last; but pitted against all this

we find the name of a reformer like Adam Smith who states that "Every man should contribute to the support of the State in proportion to the income he enjoys under it."

Passing from theory to practice from the "dismal science" to figures usually regarded as "more dismal," we come to what have not inaptly been termed "the marvellous Income Tax returns." Here, again, we find the doctors differing. Figures, it is said can be made to prove anything. Nothing, say cynics, is falsier than facts except figures. Certainly the figures in these marvellous returns have been lately called upon to prove some strange post-prandial things. In 1868-69 the gross amount of property in the United Kingdom assessed under all schedules was 430,000,000*l.* In 1883-84 the figures had amounted to 630,000,000*l.* These 200,000,000*l.*, according to Lord Derby, represent the growth of commerce, manufactures, and foreign trade in fifteen years. Not at all, says Mr. Goschen. They only represent the work of the "jerry" builder in multiplying doubtful property, the additional investments in railways canals, mines, telegraphs, and other securities which may or may not be doubtful, leaving only 60,000,000*l.* or 70,000,000*l.* as the growth of "commerce, manufactures, and foreign trade"; and he further went on to show, in a masterly, exhaustive manner in his Manchester speech, that the profits of the retail trader would account for the most even of this. In fact, broadly speaking, he laid it down that the retailer, grumbler though he be, was the only person doing well during these fifteen years, as the public had not got the benefit of the fall in cost prices, so that the difference must have gone into his pockets.

Let us see what these marvellous returns say. Some startling facts may indeed be deduced from them. One thing first of all is proved, and that is, that the rent or gross annual value of land has not decreased during these fifteen years, taking the United King-

dom as a whole. In the United Kingdom there is an increase of a million and a quarter sterling, no less than three quarters of which goes to Ireland. Scotland, strange to say, shows a decrease of 250,000*l.* The explanation of all this must be, that voluntary abatements of rent rather than permanent reductions have taken place in England; that deer forests are encroaching on the arable soil of Scotland; that in Ireland either the returns must be better obtained or the total nominal rental must be still about the old pre-Land League level, for the inclusion of farm houses in the returns since 1876 would not quite account for the apparent increase shown. No doubt, however, the new assessment taking place this year will show a different result. In house rentals there is, as Mr. Goschen has pointed out, a striking increase of 47,000,000*l.*; whether this is a healthy development is another matter. It means the flow of population from healthy villages to crowded cities, suggestive of the warning given many years ago that

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Schedule B, or what is supposed to be the farmer's profit, has occasioned as much bone-breaking these last few weeks as the famous "graduated income tax" itself. It is a sort of will o' the wisp, entrapping alike a wary financier like Mr. Goschen and an exact economist like Mr. Leone Levi. The returns year after year show sixty odd millions sterling charged under this head, and politicians comfortably sat down well contented with the good times these ever-grumbling farmers had. Now the fabric melts away like last year's snow. For all any income-tax return in the world can tell, there is no such thing as a farmer's profit. These sixty odd millions simply mean the rental paid. The income-tax authorities assume that half this is profit, and charge it whether a profit is actually made or not; but since 1851 the

right of appeal has been allowed. The proportion in Ireland and Scotland is one-third, but in England a deduction of one-eighth is allowed. In prosperous times no doubt this was a rough and ready, and, on the whole, fairly equitable, way of arriving at the difference of rental, plus cost of production, and the sums realised by the produce, but during the past seven years in all probability rental has been a better clue to loss than to gain. Farmers, as a rule, are poor book-keepers, and very often prefer to pay the tax rather than go to the trouble of appealing. It would be difficult, however, to devise any better system. Lord Howick once suggested that the profits from land tillage should be treated like profits from any other trade, but the proposal did not meet with any measure of support. Under the Act of 1803 the profit was supposed to be three-fourths of the rental in England and one-half in Scotland, the reason of the reduction in 1842 being stated to be the increase in rentals and the loss consequent on the importation of foreign corn.

The items under schedule D undoubtedly constitute the most important part of the income-tax returns. They represent the profits from trades and professions, and the dividends from public companies—broadly speaking, as returned by the people themselves. Schedule A. may be delusive as representing the nominal growth of property, an incumbrance rather than an addition to the national wealth; schedule B may be worse than delusive, being more or less bucolic fiction of the rarer sort; but here with schedule D, we have admitted income and profits beyond year or nay, received in hard cash. What say they? Most satisfactory the account is. The days of Old England evidently are not yet numbered, nor is that much-abused New Zealander putting in a sketching appearance yet a while, as far as can be judged by this official Blue Book. The gross profits of the United Kingdom have swollen from 173,000,000*l.* in 1868-9 to

291,000,000*l.* in 1883-4, an increase of 118,000,000*l.*, or 68 per cent. This does not look like decadence! This large increase is as nearly as possible divided equally between trades and professions and public companies.

Pursuing the subdivisions further we get some instructive facts. Taking incomes under 300*l.* a year, for instance, we learn that the recipients have doubled in fifteen years. Could we have better evidence of substantial middle-class progress? The number of persons with incomes under 400*l.* have likewise doubled. Under 500*l.* the increase is from 12,000 to 19,000, and so on, till we come to the colossal fortunes—to the millionaires—and here we find perhaps, the most astonishing facts in the whole of the returns. Persons and corporations in receipt of incomes varying from 10,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* per annum have increased from 704 to 1,192 in the fifteen years; and of 50,000*l.* and upwards, from 52 to 104—exactly double. Of these 104 no less than sixty are assessed in London. Could any other country in the world show such progress in the same time? A certain German general once remarked of London, "What a city to plunder!" Did he peruse this Blue Book he well might say, "What a subject for an indemnity!" No wonder French admirals look with greedy eyes to our coast towns, and dream of supposititious requisitions in time of war.

An analysis of the gross profits from public companies would show equally satisfactory results. The development in fifteen years is about 60,000,000*l.*, contributed somewhat in the following rates:—

	Profit, increase of
Quarries	4238,000
Mines	1,600,000
Ironworks	1,000,000
Gasworks	3,000,000
Canals	2,300,000
Waterworks	1,200,000
Fishings	400,000
Foreign Securities	8,300,000
Home Railways	14,000,000
Foreign Railways	3,000,000
Interest out of Rates	2,000,000
Various undertakings	23,000,000

These figures speak for themselves. The income from foreign securities may not be very certain. A good deal of it represents colonial borrowings, legitimate no doubt, but there is the danger—however remote—that the borrowing may proceed too rapidly. The additional money sunk in home railways in many instances means competitive schemes useless, or improvements profitless. The development in foreign railways—in India, the Argentine country, Canada and Brazil—is a healthy item.

Shall we ever get rid of the income tax? Could the mode of charge be amended? Pregnant questions these. In its present shape it is an acquaintance of forty years standing, and it is questionable if the opportunity of 1874 will ever again come round. Two objections are raised against the tax: its inquisitorial character and the inequitable nature of its incidence. It is generally alleged that real property does not bear its proper share, but the Commissioners of Inland Revenue very properly point out that real property has to bear probate and other financial burdens other than the income tax proper. As regards its inquisitorial nature it only applies where local collectors are employed, and this suggests the advisability of transferring the collection as well as the charging of the duty entirely to the government officials. It would lead to considerable economy, as clerks to local commissioners, local assessors, or local collectors, figure largely in the civil service vote. A revenue official by the sheer force of habit alone is inured to secrecy, apart from that honour which pervades all professions. The local collector is often a local shopkeeper, and would be more than human if he were not in some instances inquisitive. At present the income tax in some of the large towns is entirely managed by Inland Revenue officials, and with the most satisfactory results.

Touching on economy at all, the public may well ask what need of one Board for Customs and another for Excise. Why not have one Revenue

Board for the entire kingdom, with a responsible minister in the House of Commons, just as there is at present for the Board of Trade? In these days of hundred million budgets there is not room for both. Already the procedure of the two departments has been assimilated, so that the final act of fusion could at any moment be carried out. At first the saving would be small; owing to superannuations, there may even be a loss, but in a few years it would result in a saving of half a million per annum. The Excise Board has already swallowed up the stamp and tax establishments, thereby effecting a total economy of 74,000*l.* a year, and there is no reason why the Customs Board should not share the same fate as these two. The Excise collect 54,000,000*l.* against the Customs 22,000,000*l.*, and at a cost of 3·4 per cent, against 4·4 by the Customs. The Excise employ 6,000 officials, against 6,209 in the Customs. Each Excise official collects 9,000*l.* per annum, and each Customs official 3,680*l.* The Customs officials are better paid, as the frequent public complaints of the Inland Revenue officials would testify, but great improvement has been effected in the working of the latter department within the past few years, and no doubt if public economy be effected, everything short of an increase in the estimates will be done under the present *régime* to place the department in a thoroughly equitable and contented position.

The public favour which the department as a whole enjoys, is alluded to in the Report with pardonable pride. Sore as the income tax is, complaint against the system of administration is never heard. Every stage of the distiller's operation is watched, every scrap of his goods locked, and yet if he were given the option, he would retain both the lock and the custodian of it as a check against the possibility of speculation on the part of his own servants. We enjoy the finest spirit in the world, thanks to the admirable system devised for the collection of the duty on it. When the paper duty was

repealed, a Scotch manufacturer hoisted a flag with a quotation from a well-known song by Burns—himself a revenue officer—"The deil's awa', the deil's awa', the deil's awa' wi' th' exciseman." Yet it is an historic fact that the maltster, much as he grumbled, parted with reluctance with the tape and the dipping rod. No greater fiscal change was ever introduced than the transfer of the duty on malt to beer, with the necessary interference with the course of manufacture which it entailed. It would lead to a revolution in Russia. Yet not the slightest hitch occurred, the brewers themselves, bearing testimony to the tact, courtesy, and enlightened knowledge displayed by those entrusted with the carrying out of the Act of 1880.

Still harping on the key of reform, let us see what public charges are looming. We have 1,400,000*l.* as the produce of carriage and kindred licences. There has been some talk of transferring this in relief of local rates. Liquor licences now yield 1,900,000*l.* If local option were carried it would be interesting to speculate what would become of this item. The plate duties are still on the *tapis*. The arguments for and against retention are stated with great clearness and impartiality in the Report. It appears that the manufacturers themselves are not at all anxious for repeal, no doubt having an eye to monopoly, but in all probability the claims of Indian workmanship must outweigh all considerations. It is doubtful, indeed, if the tax will survive the Colonial Exhibition of next year. Hall marking should, however, be retained and its provisions made more stringent.

For some years past the Financial Reform Association has been assiduously preaching that land is not bearing its proper quota of taxation, that all the land of the kingdom was primarily the property of the sovereign as the representative of the State, that the Convention Parliament of Charles II. fraudulently converted *landholders* into *landowners*, that these landowners shifted the burdens which land hither-

to bore, and bore alone, on to the general body of the people—first, in the shape of excise; secondly, in unfair manipulation of the land tax; and thirdly, in the imposition of the income tax. The specific charge respecting the land tax is that it was fixed on a valuation (tainted, it is said, with fraud) made in 1692, that this skeleton valuation has never since been disturbed, so that a nominal quota fixed at 4*s.* in the pound now produces a little over a million, whereas if it were levied on the actual yearly value of the same property, it would yield about 19,000,000*l.*, thereby inferring that the nation in this respect alone is cheated out of 18,000,000*l.* per annum. Some historical facts now unearthed, and quoted in this report, to some extent weaken this contention. It is not our province to decide which view is the more correct. No doubt the issue now raised as to the original scope of the tax will lead to further investigation. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century, the necessities of the realm were chiefly met by subsidies, land chiefly bearing the burden. Instead of hand-to-mouth levies of this kind, the Long Parliament resorted to regular assessments. This was the first Land Tax. In 1692 a general valuation of all estates was made, and a poundage fixed upon it, thus laying the basis of the land-tax as known to us at present. Five years later it appears to have dawned upon the "landowners" that a rate levied upon property, increasing year by year in value, would be a very dangerous screw, so they drew a fixed line of demarcation beyond which the total payment was not to go, fixing upon 1,484,015*l.* as the quota of England and Wales. The plain English of this was that the assessment fixed in 1692 was to be accepted as the basis, no matter what the rise in value of the respective properties may have been. During the next 105 years this system continued, the rate varying from 1*s.* to 4*s.* in the pound, the old assessment always taken as the basis. In 1798 the tax was made permanent at 4*s.* in the pound, and the old valuation

of 1692 was thus irrevocably fixed. This quota at this valuation produced something over 2,000,000*l.*, and of this 856,469*l.* has been redeemed on the basis of a scheme, devised by Mr. Pitt, in 1798, and remodelled in 1853. The fresh matter now unearthed for the first time in this report, shows that this adherence to the old partial valuation of 1692 has benefited all kinds of property and all kinds of income quite as much as it has land, that the English people as a whole must plead guilty to the filching of this 18,000,000*l.*; in short, that it is a sort of good-natured family fraud, by which Peter is robbed to pay Paul. And this is proved in a very simple way, by showing that the Act of 1692 ordained that estates, merchandise, chattels, incomes, and profits of every description should be assessed at 4*s.* in the pound. This would make it in reality a 4*s.* income tax, so that it would follow that the "estates, merchandise, chattels, and incomes," are the real backsliders, the real robbers of the nation, since land alone bears the quota of the tax still extant. A strong case this, difficult to rebut. But there are some weak points in the armour. It is a most suspicious fact that the "other estates, chattels, and incomes" were never in reality assessed. If they were there is no record left. In 1799, in the Tower division of London, where, be it remembered, most of the shipping of the day would be assessed, we find personal estate yielding only 227*l.* against 29,964*l.* from land. The report suggests that the final fixing upon land may have arisen from the fact that the tax was a fixed one, that those originally charged upon personal incomes would naturally shift from time to time, and thus slide out of the assessments. It is possible. But is it not more probable that the commissioners charged with the carrying out of the Act of 1692—in most instances landholders themselves—would have a lively sense of the spirit of the tax, would be imbued with the feeling that they were giving a composition for the

burdens which the land for centuries bore—such as military service, purveyance, aids, relief, premier seisin, wardships, &c., and with that thorough sense of justice which has always characterised the administration of purely English affairs, put the saddle on the right horse, knowing that "other estates, incomes and chattels" had to yield liberally in indirect ways, in the shape of the newly instituted excise.

In conclusion, thanks are due to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for the publication of this valuable and interesting report. As Mr. Leone Levi says, they might have been content with the presentation of the scantiest details. Instead of that they have given us a living sketch of their department as it is, and as it has been, in a report free from the lugubrious, reader-scaring, ill-digested mass of statistics too often found in official publications. And they do well. The new electorate will be all the more contented, all the better qualified to exercise their functions with self-thinking discretion, by knowing the real nature of the items which the taxman demands, why he demands them, how the money is got, and how the money is spent. Working men show sound judgment in the management of their weekly wage. Would not the same broad sound mass of popular common sense be a healthy *fulcrum* in national affairs, if national finance only were made more popular? Lord Salisbury tells us that human nature is averse to figures. There is no reason why a nation should be. Figures have made Germany what she is. The slide rule and the logarithmic table led to the crowning victory of Sedan. When men know what they are paying, directly and indirectly, they will begin to inquire why they are paying it. They will want to know how and for what purposes it is spent. They will pay all the more cheerfully, if satisfied, and will thus bring valuable influence to bear on the administration of affairs at home and abroad.